The Nation.

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The Week.

The resolution passed by the Senate on Thursday by a vote of 41 to 14, recognizing Cuban belligerency, is a joint resolution; that is, if passed by the House of Representatives, it must go to the President, and, if vetoed by him, may be passed over his veto. In other words, it is treated exactly like a law under article i., section 7 of the Constitution, providing that a resolution to which the concurrence of both houses is necessary (except one for adjournment) shall be treated "according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill." The resolution of last year was, on the other hand, a "concurrent" resolution, which President Cleveland felt himself at liberty to ignore. That is to say, the resolution of last year was a mere pious expression of opinion, as to which the President was not required to express himself one way or the other. The resolution this year, identical in substance and language with the other, is to all intents and purposes a law, which, if it reaches him, Mr. McKinley must sign or veto.

This is one reason why some of those who voted for the resolution last year voted against it on Thursday. They are frightened, and well they may be. The proceedings in the House, by which the Republicans almost solidly voted to prevent the belligerency question from coming up, while passing the relief resolution authorizing $50,000 to be sent to Cuba, show that every effort will be made, probably with success, to prevent the belligerency question coming to a vote; but it is a great triumph for the Cuban plotters to have got their resolution into its present position. On a direct vote there is said to be a majority in the House in favor of it (though this, like many other facts in the case, is, in part at least, a "Cuba Libre" estimate), and during the remainder of the session it will be a menace to the peace of the country. There is only one way in which the matter could be effectually disposed of, and that is by a direct vote of the House, killing it, or a veto. If the House is in favor of it, the former is impossible; and unfortunately there are reasons for thinking that Mr. Reed, who decides what the House may or may not do, rather enjoys the pendency of a resolution which he may " let loose" on the President whenever he likes. It is unfortunate, also, for the country that it does not know whether Mr. McKinley has the nerve to veto a belligerency resolution. Last year the "fat man in the White House" was known to be ready to veto forty. Mr. McKinley is therefore only at the beginning of his Cuban troubles, and if he has the sense, courage, coolness, and decision which he needs, he will have plenty of opportunity of showing them. His behavior with respect to filibustering has certainly been encouraging. Among other lies which the Cubans and Jingoes are circulating is one that the Republican platform makes it necessary to introduce some new Cuban policy. The party was called upon to "actively use its influence and good offices to restore peace and give independence to the island." There is nothing new about this. To recognize belligerency when none exists would be something new, and that is and always has been the plan of Morgan, who is not a Republican.

The condition of things in the House produced by Mr. Reed's continued refusal to appoint the committees is a reproach to a legislative body. Mr. Bailey, the Democratic leader, insists that a resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans shall be considered before a vote is taken on the resolution granting relief to American sufferers. This is a foolish stand to take, but it is one which any Representative has a right to take, and upon it demand the judgment of the House. Well-informed observers report that Mr. Bailey's position is really endorsed by a large number of the Republican Representatives, and that, if the committees had been appointed, it is not at all improbable that his resolution would command a majority. But so long as the committees are not named, Republicans who oppose Mr. Reed's policy of suppressing the Bailey resolution do not dare to open their mouths, and the Speaker is sustained in declaring it out of order by dozens of men who believe that it is in order and ought to be adopted. It is an extraordinary spectacle which the House of Representatives now presents, consenting that one man shall rule it unchecked because everybody knows that he holds the power of reward or punishment, and will use it remorselessly.

Madrid is just now a more strategic point to watch, as respects Cuban affairs, than Washington. In the latter capital it seems to be agreed that President McKinley is not to be raided with belligerency resolutions, or other madcap action by Congress, and will be allowed to develop his own Cuban policy. What that policy is can be best inferred, in the absence of explicit announcement here, from the agitations in the Spanish political world. Already it is clear from the guarded allusions of the Prime Minister of Spain that Mr. McKinley has made very serious representations of some kind to the Spanish Government. It is also clear that these approaches, whether they look simply to our good offices to end the insurrection, or to active intervention in some form or other, have been repulsed by the Spanish authorities. This it is which gives so much significance to Sagasta's present attitude and utterances, and the talk of his returning to power. He has admitted, or, rather, charged, that the Cuban policy of Cánovas has proved a failure; that the island is not "pacified"; that the troops have indeed made a desolation in Cuba, but that even that cannot be called a peace. The Liberals have patriotically kept their hands off for two years, and refrained from so much as criticising the Conservative policy. Now, says Sagasta, that line of action has ceased to be a virtue or patriotic; the time for opposition and for taking office, if necessary, has come. Sagasta, of course, promises nothing, hints nothing, as to his own Cuban policy. But if Cánovas falls for adhering to blood and iron, it is safe to say that Sagasta, if he comes in, will have to vary the programme. All parties in Spain are, of course, professedly at one in determining to hold Cuba with the last man and last peseta; but a change of government in this crisis would certainly improve the chances of a peaceful settlement.

Senator Hoar may deny indignantly in the *Forum* that the Senate has degenerated, but when he speaks in the Senate he is his own refutation. "Is this a circus?" he asked angrily last week, when the prize clown Mason was going through some of his most taking antics. The Massachusetts Senator had to listen to the galleries and an undegenerate Senate applauding Mason's reference to international law and the Constitution of the United States as an "ancient barnacle"; his assertion that he cared nothing for the form of the Cuban Government or the location of its capital, for "if it had nothing but the heavens for a shelter, then I am for that just the same"; and his cheap braggadocio about Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, with his "glowing tribute" to lying newspaper correspondents, and his final hoight of foine language intirely:

> Mr. President, if we did not have a ship in the world and every gun was melted into a ploughshare, if every bayonet was buried, if every ship we ever had was sunk in the middle of the sea, there is no nation in the world, much less Spain, that would ever dare strike our colors or invade American soil.

But the Senate has not degenerated. Senator Mason is the fine fruit of the great moral victory over the machine in Illi-

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nois and the illiterate Madden. He imports into the Senate the manners of a bar-room jester, the language and convictions of a swearing Jack of the prairies—but the Senate has not degenerated. Senator Hoar says so, and we infer that he rather likes Mason.

Laws, even when they are tariff laws, are silent in the midst of arms, and the "magnificent" war-ships and the big guns were too much for wool and sugar last week in Washington. Yet the economists cannot observe the warriors without serious concern. Both Dingley and Aldrich wish to get a thumping revenue from imported sugar and tobacco; but here is the Senate proposing to cut that all off by annexing Cuba. Of course, we all know that the protective theory is always ready to show that imports, which are little short of criminal when they come from an island owned by another country, are the greatest of blessings when they come from one that we own; but this does not touch the practical embarrassment of losing, perhaps, $30,000,000 in revenue. Then there is the danger of still further loss of revenue through having the tariff further delayed. On this subject of delay, however, the *Tribune* strikes a cheering note. It argues that the delay which has allowed the Sugar Trust and wool speculators to make such vast anticipatory imports, will make them very anxious to have the bill pass. If the bill pass, the Sugar Trust will, says the *Tribune*, secure "profits of many millions," whereas if the bill were finally to fail, it might incur "some actual loss." Similarly of the importers of wool and woollen goods; their "anticipated profits" may vanish if "too much stubbornness about details of the new tariff be manifested." Ergo, the Trust and the speculators are bound to make that dangerous stubbornness disappear. What a powerful argument for passing the new tariff the *Tribune* has found. Pass it, or the Sugar Trust and speculators will lose many millions! That will sound well on the Western stump.

The pending tariff bill is entitled "An act to (1) provide revenue for the Government, and (2) encourage the industries of the United States." The rates on rice proposed by the House and Senate are these:

	House. cents.	Senate. cents.
Cleaned	2	1¼
Uncleaned	1¼	8-10
Paddy	¾	¾

Rice associations in Georgia, South Carolina, and Louisiana have sent to the Senate remonstrances against the Senate reductions of the House rates on cleaned and uncleaned rice. Seven reasons are assigned for retaining the protection given by the House. The fourth reason is this:

(4.) With steady and reasonably protective duties on rice, all the markets of the United States will soon be supplied by the American product, and prices will be regulated by home competition.

What will happen to this theory if a "Trust" shall take control of rice production as of sugar-refining? Apart from that danger, how much of the rates in the House and Senate bill was agreed upon for revenue, and how much for protection till foreign rice has been completely excluded? Will the Senate finance committee disclose? The majority of the committee should know, also, how the rates were fixed. On cleaned rice the Senate committee has reported 1¼ cents a pound. What would have been the rate if only revenue had been sought? We ask a similar question regarding the Dingley rate of 2 cents. Of course, a rate was added to a revenue rate, in order to encourage rice industry. What was that rate? And where will the revenue be found when foreign rice is no longer imported?

The sundry civil bill, as agreed upon by the conferees of the two houses, carries an appropriation of $53,622,651. This is practically the same as the bill which Mr. Cleveland vetoed during the last hours of his administration, and regarding which Mr. Cannon, the chairman of the House committee on appropriations, said that its provisions were "in excess of the legitimate demands of the public service." Such is the response of his party to President McKinley's appeal in his inaugural address for "the severest economy in all public expenditures." As the tariff bill will not be passed before the Ohio Republican convention meets next month, the only achievement to which the party can "point with pride" will be some grossly extravagant appropriation bills.

The proposal of three silver Senators —Cannon, Pettigrew, and Dubois—"to sail for China and Japan to study the financial question from the Oriental standpoint," is an excellent one. Japan especially is in position to give them a large amount of valuable information, having just abandoned silver and returned to the gold standard. She moved away from the gold standard in 1878, when the silver yen of 416 grains was made legal tender for all payments. She made several efforts to get back again, but without success until the payment of the Chinese war indemnity in gold gave her an exceptional opportunity. A coinage bill was introduced in the Legislature which provided a new currency system, in which the existing ratio of 16.7 to 1 was changed to the ratio of 32.34 to 1. This was passed with slight opposition, and is to become law on October 1, the silver yen being in the meantime gradually withdrawn from circulation, and gold coins becoming the standard in its place.

The silverite students of Oriental finance will find a great deal to interest and enlighten them in the reasons which the Japanese statesmen gave for deserting silver. Four of these were dwelt upon as having had decisive influence. The first was, that silver caused constant fluctuations in the price of commodities, and that gold would prevent these. The second was, that gold would increase exports by securing convenience of trade with foreign countries, the depreciation of silver having created such obstacles that Japan's export trade had been greatly crippled. The third was, that gold would prevent the fluctuations in exchange which silver caused. The fourth was, that the gold standard, by giving assurance of soundness and stability, would attract foreign capital. These reasons will undoubtedly prove very offensive to the Western visiting statesmen, for they have been irritated repeatedly by hearing them advanced at Washington and at other points in this country. Whether they will prove any more acceptable when presented to them in the Orient, is doubtful. It will naturally be somewhat irritating to travel many thousands of miles to the other side of the globe only to be confronted with the same old "gold-bug heresies" which have become so tiresome at home. But China may give the pilgrims comfort which Japan denies, for silver is having full sway there.

The law signed by Gov. Black providing the death penalty for train-wreckers who cause any loss of life, is only one of several statutes on this subject in different States which have been brought forward during the past year or two. The frequency of this crime throughout the country has become a reproach to the United States, and it has repeatedly been found that no proper provision had been made for its punishment. The truth is, that a new danger has been added to the old perils of the rail by the comparative immunity which the perpetrators of such horrible outrages have enjoyed. One can hardly conceive a more atrocious crime than the deliberate wrecking of a passenger train in Alabama, a few months ago, by so tampering with a bridge that the cars would be dashed into a river far below; and yet it was discovered that there was no law under which the ringleader could be executed. The same state of things has been found to exist in New York, and the law just signed by the Governor is the result.

There have been suggestions that Congress should pass a law under which federal officials could take cognizance of

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train robberies and train wreckings when committed upon roads engaged in interstate commerce. Many such crimes are perpetrated on the great through lines in the Territories and the thinly settled States of the Far West, and the local authorities often lack the energy to follow up the offenders. Indeed, it is not in the thinly settled States alone that the administration of justice is found to be more rigorous in the federal courts than in the local tribunals. This is conceded to be the fact almost everywhere, and nothing is more common in the press of all parts of the country than contrasts between the national and State authorities, to the disadvantage of the latter. While there are faults in the methods of federal courts, there is no doubt that, as a rule, prosecutions are more vigorously conducted and penalties more generally imposed than in the State courts. One consequence is a growing readiness on the part of the people to put more and more responsibility upon the national Government in this respect.

The veto of Mr. Roberts's inheritance-tax bill by the Governor had been anticipated by the press and public, because Mr. Black's "personal organ" had been for some time filling its columns with extracts from other papers criticising the measure, and explaining why it could not be signed. The memorandum points out that "the State is not in need of money," which is really a conclusive reason for not raising a tax; shows that there is no reason for it in the fact that some personal property now evades taxation, because the proposed law, "in order to reach those who have evaded, would punish those who have already paid"; that the measure is unfair and unequal, because the "last million" of a man's estate is taxed at a totally different rate from the first, while "every dollar ought under the same conditions to pay the same tax"; and finally, that "the operation of the proposed law might impose the most serious hardships in taxing the same estate several times in a short period of time, on account of a rapid succession of deaths in one family." These are the reasons not only of a statesman but of an honest man; and if this veto had been Mr. Black's first act, people would have applauded him to the echo. He will get little applause now, because he is known, and we regret very much to say that it would take a great deal more than this veto to blot out what is known.

A significant and hopeful incident was the action of the State Diocesan Council of South Carolina a few days ago upon a subject altogether out of the ordinary line of church assemblies. Mr. Edward McCrady, one of the most prominent men in the State, introduced a series of resolutions declaring that "the growing disregard of human life has caused the crime of homicide to become more and more prevalent in our land, until the blood-guiltiness of our people has become an offence and crying shame to the sensibilities of the Church and State"; affirming that "public opinion should be greatly influenced and can be most safely formed upon the principle of Christian morality"; declaring that the council expressed its "solemn condemnation of this terrible evil"; and, in order to arouse a wholesome public sentiment upon the subject, requesting the Bishop to call upon the clergy of the diocese to preach upon some Sunday to be appointed by him against the awful crime, and also to issue an address praying the co-operation of the clergy of all churches and religious denominations in this effort, requesting them to join in preaching upon the subject on the day set, and "appealing to the people of the State to put away the curse of blood-guiltiness which cries out, alas, from the land against us." Some slight opposition was made by one or two speakers, on the ground that the matter in question was the concern of the State rather than the Church, but Mr. McCrady and others urged that it was one of the highest duties of the Church to promote the Christian civilization of communities; and, after an intimation from the Bishop that he favored the movement, the resolutions were adopted almost unanimously.

The report now comes from Honolulu that the Dole Government is about to grant permission to Great Britain to land a telegraph cable there, *en route* from British Columbia to the Fiji Islands and Australia. This news would have thrown the Jingoes into fits six months ago. Why are they not up in arms now? Partly because their eyes are fixed on Spain as a *bête noire;* partly because the beet-growers of California have ordered them to drop the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty, and *a fortiori* drop the islands themselves. Under such circumstances the Jingo mind can see no great harm in allowing a telegraph station to be opened there. A year or two ago it seemed quite certain that the landing of the proposed Australian cable would be equivalent to the annexation of the islands by Great Britain. Now it appears to be a fairly convenient method of sending news and commercial information to and fro, in which we may participate if we choose on condition of paying the usual tolls. At all events we cannot prevent the landing of the cable there except by fighting the Dole Government, which we are not likely to do.

One instructive aspect of the working of the referendum in Switzerland is presented by M. Vilfredo Pareto in the *Journal des Économistes.* He sets forth the action of the voters on laws more or less socialistic submitted to them during the past score of years. Seven such laws have been approved—relating to State control of factories, the State monopoly of alcohol, insurance against accident and sickness, etc. But many more laws, going to much greater extremes, though passed by large majorities of the Deputies, have been decisively rejected by the people. Thus a proposal that the State take over the Central Railroad was voted down, 289,000 to 130,000. An insidious law to give the State power to make "uniform regulations" in the various trades, was disapproved—158,000 votes to 135,000. The assertion of "the right to work" was denied—308,000 to 75,000. The creation of a monopolistic State bank was refused —255,000 to 195,000. Other instances are given by M. Pareto, his conclusion from the whole being that the Swiss popular voting has been, all told, favorable to economic liberty. He also infers that the people have sounder and more conservative views than their representatives. There are some curious sides to this. Deputies are elected from certain cantons time after time, seeming thus to have the full confidence of the electors. Yet the laws which they propose are as regularly voted down. This throws a strange light on the theory of the representative system; but we could show in our own country anomalies as great.

The Tory plan for the relief of Irish agriculture, announced in general terms by Mr. Balfour on Friday, is primarily a precipitate retreat from what was the Government's position two weeks before. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in explaining the budget, flatly refused to extend to Ireland the grants proposed in relief of English landlords. Such a furious storm at once beat upon the Government for this manifest unfairness—this treatment of Ireland as a separate nation, when it was a question of bestowing favors—that Mr. Balfour was forced to promise a Royal Commission to look into the whole matter. But royal commissions are pretty playthings of which the Irish have become very tired, and Irish members of all parties and factions were so united and determined in demanding equal privileges with Englishmen that Mr. Balfour has given way again. His scheme of local Irish government cannot, of course, be criticised until it is put on paper, but it is safe to say that if, as the London *Times* asserts, it will "demolish some plausible arguments for home rule," it will do the demolishing by acknowledging their force and acting upon them. In fact, the historic process of "dishing the Whigs" by adopting an Irish policy more radical than theirs now seems among the possibilities.

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THE BELLIGERENCY QUESTION.

The effort of the Jingoes at Washington to make it appear that the Administration is in possession of new and important facts bearing on the belligerency question, have thus far not been very successful. In the whole debate last week one solitary official was quoted as saying that the Cubans had some 40,000 men under arms, under regular military organizations; but until we know where these troops are, who commands them, and what territory they hold, the report is as valueless as that of any newspaper correspondent. Concentrated, such an army must be in possession of a definite territory; if so, where is it? Dissipated, as it no doubt in fact is, all over the island, its having a paper organization of regiments, brigades, and divisions counts for little.

Mr. Cleveland, in his last message, now five months old, gave an authoritative statement of the condition of Cuba, which must be substantially unchanged, except that, owing to the rainy season, military operations cease altogether for some months. Spain, he said, "still holds Havana and the seaports and all the considerable towns; the insurgents still roam at will over at least two-thirds of the inland country":

> "If the determination of Spain to put down the insurrection seems but to strengthen with the lapse of time, and is evinced by her unhesitating devotion of largely increased military and naval forces to the task, there is much reason to believe that the insurgents have gained in point of numbers and character and resources, and are none the less inflexible in their resolve not to succumb without practically securing the great objects for which they took up arms. If Spain has not yet reëstablished her authority, neither have the insurgents yet made good their title to be regarded as an independent state. Indeed, as the contest has gone on, the pretence that civil government exists on the island, except so far as Spain is able to maintain it, has been practically abandoned. Spain does keep on foot such a government, more or less imperfectly, in the large towns and their immediate suburbs. But, that exception being made, the entire country is either given over to anarchy or is subject to the military occupation of one or the other party. It is reported, indeed, on reliable authority, that, at the demand of the commander-in-chief of the insurgent army, the putative Cuban Government has now given up all attempt to exercise its functions, leaving that Government confessedly (what there is the best reason for supposing it always to have been in fact) a government merely on paper."

President Cleveland also pointed out that the war, being a guerilla war in a wilderness, and consisting in great measure of marauding descents on private property, was wasting the island, and might go on for ever; that the concentration of the rural population in towns under military government would ruin the industrial value of the island. No prophet was needed to foretell this. The latest Foreign Office report on the trade of the consular district of Havana shows that in 1896 the total production of sugar fell off from 1,004,264 tons in 1895 to 225,221; the exports diminished 71 per cent.; the tobacco crop fell from 560,000 bales to 85,000.

Mr. Cleveland went further; he stated the policy of his Administration with regard to Cuba. He said that Spain had been warned that, in the interest of humanity, peace, and our commerce with Cuba, this state of things could not go on for ever; that Spain had thus far refused all mediation, but that the time must soon come when, unless the island was really pacified, we must take steps to secure arrangements which would prevent a state of recurrent insurrection and anarchy in a colony so near to us in every sense. This is nothing more than a restatement of the policy which this Government has pursued for thirty years. It was pursued by Mr. Fish under Grant, and at that time the rebellion was finally put down, and peace restored—so thoroughly restored that trade between this country and Cuba revived, until it amounted to $64,000,000 in 1889 and $103,000,000 in 1893. There is every reason to suppose that the policy of the present Administration is the same, and that, assuming the insurrection is to go on, there will be intervention or mediation of some sort.

This is, moreover, the only intelligible policy which our Government can adopt, but it is not what the Jingoes want at all. Their plan is to pass a resolution, and compel the President to sign it, declaring that Cuba is a belligerent state, which the President knows it is not; that there is a Cuban army, occupying a definite territory, which all the facts thus far published show to be false; that there is a Cuban navy, when, as a matter of fact, Cuba has neither port, flag, nor ship. Having declared this farrago of lies to be true, they propose that we shall be "neutral" between Spain and this imaginary Power, that we shall give this fictitious state the right to coal its imaginary vessels in our ports, and that we shall give Spain the right to search our ships for contraband. Of course this might at once result in a war in which our position would be utterly indefensible. Poor Foraker, who has evidently never read the neutrality acts, thinks that it is no more than fair that we should not interfere with the Cubans getting war-ships here. With this resolution passed, their first war-ship would undoubtedly be treated as a pirate by the Spaniards, and, as she would be manned and officered at least in part by Americans, there would be a *casus belli* at once.

The belligerency resolution is therefore an attempt to reverse the whole policy of the Government, to compel Mr. McKinley to put his name to a statement which he, of all men, knows to be false, and almost to force Spain to go to war with us, at a time of terrible business depression, with a revenue insufficient to meet ordinary expenditure, with an utterly inadequately defended seacoast, but few troops, and with a disordered currency, the condition of which brought us within eighteen months to the verge of bankruptcy.

LONG SPEECHES.

The House of Commons spent a couple of hours last week discussing a motion —"That the duration of speeches in this House has increased, is increasing, and should be abated." This parody of the famous motion of last century regarding the power of the Crown was offered by Major Rasch (ominous name!), who maintained that if right honorable gentlemen could not liberate their souls in an hour, and if private members could not say all they had to say in fifteen minutes, then "they did not know their trade and were not fit to occupy a seat in this House." What was the state of the case? Speeches of from two to four hours in length were not uncommon. One honorable member had spoken on sub-head B of the estimates for half an hour on each separate estimate. Members should take historical warning from Julius Cæsar, who is said to have locked up too exuberantly verbose Senators. Statistics were offered by Mr. Radcliffe Cook to show that an hour apiece per session was the fair allotment of a member. If a speaker exceeded proper limits, the House should " intimate the fact" to him. At this point the House intimated the fact to Mr. Radcliffe Cook, with loud cries of "Divide!" and he hastily sat down. The motion finally prevailed by a vote of 85 to 24—a very light vote, and, of course, without practical effect.

Major Rasch recalled the fact that fifty years ago Lord John Russell proposed a motion limiting speeches to one hour. It failed by twenty-six votes, in a full House, though among those supporting it were Bright and Cobden. Still later a resolution shortening the duration of speeches in the House obtained a majority of seventy on a division, though nothing came of it. The general conviction seems thus to be that parliamentary speeches are getting longer as they grow less effective. This means, of course, the average speech. Those of Burke and Sheridan and Brougham were at times of portentous length; but the ordinary member in their day was either mute or monosyllabic. Nowadays a two hours' speech may be inflicted on the House from any obscure corner. Indeed, the tendency is said distinctly to be for the uninformed, who have not thoroughly considered the matter, to make the longest speeches. Mr. Gladstone's budget speeches were famous for their length as well as their fascination—he would speak anywhere from three to five hours. Disraeli cut his Chancellor's speech short, grimly remarking that he would leave something for "future statements of this nature." Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach scarcely ever exceed two hours

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with the budget. Still, the average speech of the average Commoner is undoubtedly lengthening.

Our own sufferings from Morgan and Jones and Allen are too recent for us to be able to remark on American practice with critical impartiality. We may observe, in passing, that Major Rasch was under the pleasing illusion that nobody in the House of Representatives at Washington is allowed to speak more than five minutes. No such luck! But speech-making with us has no doubt tended to become long-winded in the proportion that it has become empty and clamorous and ineffective. This is a curious thing; speeches never had so little influence, yet they were never so long. Even in England, oratory that changes votes is almost a lost art. The old member was near a universal truth when he said, in a reminiscential vein, that he had heard a great many speeches in the course of his parliamentary career, some of which had changed his convictions, but none of which, thank God, had changed his vote. In our Senate, things have come to such a pass that able constitutional lawyers like Messrs. Gray and Spooner speak not because they expect to be listened to respectfully, much less to affect the vote, but simply that the country may not think they assent to the folly about to be enacted. As for a senatorial speech having any influence on those to whom it is addressed, that is too absurd.

Aside from this growing nullity of political speeches, long or short, the interminable discourses so much in vogue seem singularly out of place in this hurrying and short-hand age. Letter-writing has become a sort of cryptic art; many people would have to say with cynical Cecil Rhodes, "I never write letters." We do not write; we telegraph. It is the day of the short story, the condensed masterpiece, literature and learning in compact and portable forms, of short-cuts in business, of abbreviations and codes and ciphers. Even sermons have had to yield and conform to the Judge's opinion as to the proper length of pulpit efforts—"twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy." With all things in literature and life thus tending to reduce themselves to their lowest terms, why should political and parliamentary speeches drag their slow length along more deliberately than ever?

Leaving out of account length for mere filibustering or time-killing purposes, it would appear that modern orators are led to spin out the thread of their verbosity for two reasons. One is of the nature of a political superstition, or confusion of ideas. Oratory has been one of the great arts of statesmanship; therefore Senator Nincompoop will prove that he is a great statesman by speaking for three hours whether men will hear or forbear. Burke spoke for the better part of nine days; Burke was a great man; I will speak for the better part of two weeks; therefore I am a greater man. This forcible reasoning, on a par with much that appears in their speeches, seems really to move vaguely the minds of many of our tedious public orators. But the chief cause of their prolixity is undoubtedly their laziness and feeble mental grip. They have not the concentration or the energy to fling themselves upon a mass of documents and tear the heart out in fifteen minutes of lucid exposition. They flounder hopelessly in their own material. They amass authorities and pamphlets, and get their private secretaries to deluge them with precedents and opinions, and then call their vain struggles to extricate themselves from the chaos of their own creating, a speech! Their gestures are really the wild reaching out of drowning men for help, their shouts only cries for rescue. They and all their weariful kind in either continent should take to heart what was said of Washington and Franklin, by Jefferson, we believe, that they were the most effective speakers of their generation, though neither was ever heard to speak more than half an hour.

THE UITLANDERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

The crushing defeat of a progressive party is a thing that must always furnish food for gloomy reflection to the victors. For, if we have read our modern political history aright, recovery and reaction are the portion of the minority; it is your sweeping majority which straightway goes and loses prestige. In the Senate of Cambridge University, last Friday, the votes were cast three to one against the acceptance of the resolutions offered by the syndicate appointed to consider the question of further University recognition of the students of Girton and Newnham. Those resolutions, which were discussed in the *Nation* for March 25, were made by a body of Cambridge dignitaries, including the Vice-Chancellor and the Downing Professors of Laws, whose age and standing were a security against hot-headed legislation. Since our notice of their proposals, a debate has taken place in the Senate, which the brilliant and persuasive oratory of Prof. Maitland could not save from rancor and bad taste. The syndicate were invited to reconsider their report and the arguments used in the discussion, and on May 4 they presented a second report, in which they adhered to their recommendations. They were convinced that their plan of giving "titles of degrees" to women could be adopted without detriment to the University; they added a proviso expressly excluding women from membership of the University.

Meanwhile, the undergraduates, in order to emphasize their informal vote of last year, prepared a memorial expressing "the conviction that the giving of titles of degrees to women would prove injurious to the position and efficiency of this University as a University for men"; of 2,856 in residence, 2,130 signed this memorial. This unequivocal expression of opinion, combined with the open threat of secession to Oxford, had undoubtedly great weight with the wavering members of the Senate. In regard to members in residence, the balance was tolerably even, but the ultra-Conservative party at Cambridge has always a strong provincial reserve to be called out in such emergencies, and the majority on Friday was secured by the flocking of large numbers of graduates, chiefly country parsons. For, owing to the curiously democratic government of the University, any curate who has scraped through a pass degree—that is to say, has never aspired to the Tripos, or honors degree, the only examination for which women have the wish or the right to enter—has as good a vote in the Senate as the oldest resident Don or the Vice-Chancellor himself. It is thus that the careful considerations of a syndicate can be overthrown, and the work of months stultified by a mob of men whose only reflections on education have been due to anxieties as to a possible "plough."

It does not at all follow that this is an outbreak of old-fogyism. It is astonishing how quickly the native crust of British prejudice will harden in the atmosphere of an English village. Moreover, your Cambridge young man of to-day does not see visions; or, at any rate, that of a woman in bloomers on a bicycle—a combination which he has certainly never beheld out of a nightmare—is a convincing enough vision for him. So it happens that, while even Vienna has this year granted women degrees for the first time, and the German universities are, one by one, admitting them to full privileges, Russia and England are now the only countries that refuse to make concessions.

Cambridge has sunk in the estimation of the outside world rather by the spirit and manner than by the fact of its refusal; one wonders whether women will hereafter be so eager to enter a university that conducts its voting with rotten eggs and fire-crackers; just as, in the political world, one marvels that any one not born a Boer should wish to be a full-fledged citizen of the Transvaal. Cambridge is in a critical condition financially, and has been making appeals to the public. Now, the British public loves fair play, and we believe that the Senate would have won pretty general approval by the granting to women of the "titles of degrees"—not as a right, but as a *quid pro quo* from a university that has received more than half its endowments from women. Whether English women will take a hint from this

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side of the water and buy their way in—it is a good moment for buying Cambridge—or whether they will wait for time to right all, remains to be seen. Against them are the sympathies of the Boers, the Russians, and 1,700 English Mrs. Partingtons. With them go the good wishes of the civilized world, and especially of all Uitlanders. After all, who can doubt with whom the future lies, in the Transvaal or at Cambridge?

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 3, 1897.

If this year's pictures are proving even more depressing than usual, there may be some comfort in the reminder that sixty years ago, at the period to which we look back as a golden era of art, critics were almost as hopeless. By chance, I opened my Heine the other day at his Letters on the Paris Salon, to find that in 1831, when the Romantic movement was in full swing, he was regretting, as we regret now, the loss of the old patrons of art, and the consequent dependence of the painter in search of subjects upon the caprices of the day, the whims of the wealthy, or his own idle heart. "A badly understood romanticism flourishes among French painters," Heine explains, "and, according to its chief rule, every artist strives to paint as differently as possible from all others; or, as the current phrase has it, to develop his own individuality." But, at least, there was a rule, there was a standard, there was a distinct doctrine; and, impossible as it might have seemed to Heine at the moment, when those same pictures—the bad kindly weeded out by time—are hung together now, we are struck by that very unity of motive for which he thought one must turn to the early Italians. To us the Romanticists seem, as the Italians seemed to him, to speak the same language, though each may not utter the same words. But I cannot imagine that, after the lapse of any number of years, after the most careful process of selection, Royal Academy pictures could produce the same harmonious effect. For the men who paint them are not united even by the desire of each to be as unlike the others as possible. Under the circumstances it was surely a sly jest on the part of Lord Salisbury, in his speech at the Royal Academy banquet, to suggest that, for all he knew, there might be unsuspected Raphaels and undeveloped Rubenses in the artistic society which is supposed to be composed of all the greatest artists in England who have achieved fame and position for themselves.

When all is said, two contributions have given me a genuine thrill of pleasure, and as many as a dozen more are unquestionably interesting and delightful, though in a lesser degree. The two were Mr. Gilbert's silver rose-water dish and ewer, designed, as most great examples of the sculptor-goldsmith's art have been, for presentation to royalty; and Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Carl Meyer. I have before now had to call attention to the exquisiteness of Mr. Gilbert's designs as a jeweller and worker in metals. Fine sculptor as he is, it is in the daintier, more delicate branch of his art that he excels. He is the modern Cellini who has been able to carry the craft of the Italian master to still greater perfection, and this without a touch of the affectation, the pose, which irritates in the average English craftsman, always conscious of the part he is playing in the so-called modern decorative revival. Mr. Gilbert is no faddist, is identified with no group or school, and is therefore without the prejudices which have stood in the way of Arts-and-Crafts Societies and Guilds. He has no mission but to create the beautiful. Harmony of proportion, loveliness of design, these are the qualities by which he charms. The deep bowl of his dish is filled with a simple design that gives it bigness and dignity; the ewer depends for effect largely upon the grace of its form, the curving lines of its handles, while more minute detail is reserved for the marvellous little St. George and the Dragon set on top, a gem in itself, with its delicate modelling, its action so well expresed within the conventional limits imposed by the medium, and its dainty suggestion of color in the iridescent scales of the dragon. This, really, is a masterpiece.

Mr. Sargent has seldom been more brilliant and daring and gay than in the larger of his two Academy portraits. I think it is the unmistakable gayety of his mood when he painted it that impresses me above all else. The lady, who wears a rose-colored gown, and is established in state on a sumptuous couch, is as richly and as gorgeously arrayed as the Mrs. Swinton in the New Gallery portrait, but Mr. Sargent apparently was struck less with this richness and gorgeousness than with the amusing quality of her costume. He has delighted in it as the old Dutchmen revelled in the big hats of the solemn officials who sat to them, and he has rendered it, from the touch of rose ribbon on the high coiffure to the little satin slipper peeping from under the silk and chiffon draperies, with irresistible vivacity and vigor. Nor in this picture has there been any sacrifice of character. It is no mere fashion plate. You cannot mistake the race, the type to which the lady sitting there in all her elegance belongs; while the stamp of Israel is still more strongly set upon the face of the boy who leans over the sofa to clasp her hand, and upon that of the little girl standing there with him.

I know nothing of Mr. Sargent's at once so brilliant and so convincing. How it would stand the test were it hung among the portraits of Dutch or Spanish masters one would be curious to see. It may be that in such surroundings the very animation one now admires might seem but restlessness; there is really more of the old serenity, the old dignity, the old feeling of completeness in Mr. Whistler's work. But at the Royal Academy the "Mrs. Carl Meyer" is supreme, beyond comparison the most accomplished painting on the walls. Even Mr. Sargent's other contribution, "The Hon. Laura Lister," cannot compete with it, charming as is the quaint black-and-white costume of the child, and the simple pose, for which I fancy Velasquez supplied the model. Mr. Orchardson's portraits, too, not so good this year as usual, are thin and colorless by contrast; while Mr. Greiffenhagen, who can be so distinguished at times, has apparently allowed himself to be depressed by the prospect of sending his canvases to the Academy. M. Benjamin Constant and M. Comerre bring with them from Paris the more scholarly commonplace of the Champs-Élysées Salon. But I have come upon only one other portrait that gives evidence of some individuality, some painter-like qualities, and this is by Mr. Robert Brough, quite a young man, I believe, and certainly as yet unknown, but from whom one will hope for much in the future. "Fantasie en folie" he calls his picture of a lady in quiet brown, who turns her profile towards you and stretches out a graceful arm to wind one end of her long necklace about a little Japanese god set upon the table in front of her. Drawing is not Mr. Brough's strong point; you cannot but be conscious of feebleness and indecision, in his rendering of the face above all; but the figure is placed delightfully upon the canvas, and the color is rich and harmonious. An English Aman-Jean one might almost call the artist, for he has much of the French painter's feeling for decorative unity and effect, though none of his mystical vagueness.

The few good landscapes reveal themselves only to those who look for them carefully. The quiet, restrained work of Mr. Clausen, Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Arthur Lemon, is overshadowed by the loud, screaming, garish canvases hung on every side. Mr. La Thangue is not so easily effaced; his canvases are larger, the effects for which he tries more emphatic, and it is refreshing to come upon his gleaners and his tramps, for they are painted with such competence that, at the Academy at least, one can forgive his persistence in showing the laborers taken for his models in all their native ugliness, unrelieved by a touch of the poetry which Millet never failed to see in his peasants.

For Mr. Abbey's large subject-picture as well one is distinctly grateful. It is serious, honest work, infinitely removed from the tawdry sentiment and cheap anecdote which the average Academician so dearly loves. "*Hamlet*" this year has furnished him his motive — the play-actors' scene. And though I think the composition savors unduly of the stage, though the central group is the weakest, the *Hamlet* ill-drawn, the *Ophelia* needlessly wooden, and, in her white gown, a discordant note in the sombre color scheme; still, but for this sudden space of white, the arrangement of rich browns and reds is fine, and there is excellent drawing in the figures of the King and Queen and their attendants. Not a great picture, perhaps, but one not wanting in merit, and more than noteworthy in an Academy which is, without question, the worst I have ever seen.

N. N.

GIUSEPPE BELLI.

ALASSIO, April, 1897.

Fortune would have it a short time ago that I should fall ill at Rome, and that a Roman lady, prompted by her noble heart, should nurse me till my cure was complete. This, however, would scarcely be the place to record her gentle charity, were it not that it included one act of unexpected import. My kind friend, to beguile the weary hours, one morning brought me a thin volume containing two hundred sonnets in the dialect of the people of Rome by a poet of whom I had never heard—Giuseppe Gioachino Belli. Before I had spent a quarter of an hour over the book, I was aware that it was supplying a hitherto unsuspected want. The dialect, with the aid of copious notes, proved easy enough of understanding, and the matter embodied in it, full of humor, was graced by those gifts of expression dearest to my soul

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—an incomparable lightness, clearness, simplicity, naturalness. No Trasteverine wit could ever have wished to express otherwise his satirical notion of the way things were managed in this world.

Were managed. The sonnets were written between the years 1831 and 1847—that is to say, during the pontificate of Gregory XVI. They give of that prelate a portrait so grotesque, and of his government a picture so lamentable, that they could never have been openly printed in Rome. They were, indeed, communicated in manuscript or orally. The thin volume was published by Barbèra of Florence in 1870, and, whether intentionally or not, must have been something in the nature of a "campaign document"—it must have suggested to the furtherers of Italian unity that there was need of a new régime in the Eternal City. At the same time it does not appear that the intentions of the poet were revolutionary. Such aid and comfort as he gave to the followers of the Piedmontese King were not of his seeking. The criticism of a family from its members may be very sharp without the remotest wish to abolish the family, and Belli was merely of the brotherhood of Pasquino that for centuries had laughingly applied the lash to people and Government in Rome. And now that Gregory XVI. has long since gone the way of all flesh, and the manifold abuses of his rule have given place to others, the light, keen satire of the poet still stimulates and delights like a sparkling wine; and if it conveys a political lesson—well, that is not precisely what it may have been in 1870.

It was impossible not to wish further acquaintance with a humorist so gay, so easy to live with. His latest rhymes are half a century old, but his name, new to me (and I suspect to most of the readers of the *Nation*, since I find that my ignorance was shared by certain highly cultivated foreigners long familiar with Rome), is still remembered by those who understand by birthright the dialect of the Trastevere.

Our ignorance, let me remark by the way, is, to say the least of it, uncalled for. Not only have several editions of the poet been given to the world, but in 1871 the illustrious Schuchardt published a full account of Belli and his work, and, so long ago as 1845, Sainte-Beuve, in his *premiers Lundis*, after having been informed by the Russian novelist Gogol, wrote:

"M. Gogol me dit avoir trouvé à Rome un véritable poëte populaire, appelé Belli, qui écrit des sonnets dans le langage transtévérin, mais des sonnets faisant suite et formant poëme. Il m'en parla à fond et de manière à me convaincre du talent original et supérieur de ce Belli, qui est resté si parfaitement inconnu à tous les voyageurs."

Half a century later this ignorance is still to be dissipated. Even in Rome, in the quarter stretching behind Castel Sant' Angelo, where street after street of ignoble ruins bears each the name of some great man, that called in honor of Belli assigns to him the Christian name of Gioachino, instead of Giuseppe, by which he was known in life.

"Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt in the despatch."

Moreover, those who have read something of Belli's work, as a rule know it only in a fragmentary way. The kind friend who had introduced him to me had known some members of Belli's family, and said that the two hundred sonnets published by Barbèra were but a small part of those left behind by the poet. There were reasons why some of them had been kept carefully shut up in the case where they were preserved. One reason suggested itself at once. The sonnets published were in the language of the people, which, as the initiated know, does not hesitate to call a spade a spade—when no ruder name suggests itself—and one might say of them what, if I may trust my memory, Sainte-Beuve somewhere said of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent, that they are of a virtuous indecency. After some of the published ones, one could not help wondering what was left to conceal. And yet there was nothing unwholesome, nothing "immoral" in the volume; the worst is merely a grossness of speech that our literature has, since the days of Fielding and Smollett, been forgetting.

At last the desire to have the sonnets for myself led me to send them to Loescher's book-shop with request that I might be furnished with a copy, if such were still to be found. This brought out the fact that there was published last year at Città di Castello a complete edition in six volumes, at a price so low that there was no excuse for not ordering it. The new edition proved to be well printed and excellently edited by Luigi Morandi, who as editor of the edition of 1870, of that of 1886-8, and of other works relative to Belli, would appear to have special qualifications for the task. The first volume has, moreover, an index of persons and subjects touched on in all the sonnets, a glossary-index referring the reader to the place or places where each dialect word is explained, a long and very interesting preface on Roman Satire in general, including pasquinades and the followers of Belli, and an equally interesting preface by Belli himself, showing how the whole series of sonnets (there are over 2,000, instead of the 200 of the first edition) was written in fulfilment of a preconceived plan. This answers so admirably to the contents of the volumes that it is worth while to speak of it in detail.

It was written in 1831, when as yet the author had made only a beginning of his sonnets, but, just the same, it traced a programme to which he remained faithful to the end. This was no less than to leave a monument of the Roman people as it was in his day, being persuaded that it had a pronounced character of its own different from that of any other people. The monument was to be a picture of the world of Rome as seen by the lower classes of its population. The Pope, the cardinals, the Church, beliefs, superstitions, daily life and affairs, current events—everything, in fact, which engaged the attention in those times—recounted or commented by persons ignorant, but with a certain freedom of mind and a turn for satire.

"Set forth the phrases of the Roman as they issue every day from the Roman mouth, void of ornament, without any alteration, without even inversions of syntax or the abbreviations *(troncamenti)* of poetical license except those used by the Romanesque speaker himself. In short, to draw a rule from the fact and a grammar from usage—that is my aim."

And in fact the author has accomplished the difficult feat of making his people live, move freely, and speak naturally within the artificial framework of the sonnet. It has been said that nobody would ever think of expressing what the personages of Goldoni have to say otherwise than as they do. The same is true of Belli—at least for the classes whom he makes to speak; and these have recognized their own image and their own mind. Certain of these sonnets passed from mouth to mouth, repeated everywhere in Rome, and in some cases, it is said, are so preserved to this day. The portrait of Pope Gregory XVI., painted in numerous sonnets with a touch of the greatest lightness and certainty, reveals his gluttony and sensuality, the improvidence, injustice, cruelty of his government—it is an historical picture of extraordinary force. It was on the political side that Belli was the brother of Pasquino, a satirical voice; but without the slightest exaggeration, and so light, so easy, so good-tempered, with the gayety of the long-suffering poor, that it is only little by little that you recognize how serious—how grim, even—the picture is in reality. Alongside of this, the image these same poor give of themselves is not altogether flattering. As Belli says of them in his preface: "Not chaste, often not pious, although devout and superstitious." With no end of frailties, in fact, but good fellows at bottom, they show themselves in their every-day guise, not posing as models, but merely living. And each personage is distinct by himself. You can open the volumes anywhere: "Each page is the beginning of the book; each page is the end." Taking the sonnets in any order that he will, the reader goes on from one to another until he feels that he is actually living in the Rome of the Popes, and taking part in events along with its people. There is a wholesome lesson in this reading for those *laudatores temporis acti* who are for ever grumbling at the new Italian Government for having spoiled Rome. The present Government has committed sins and follies enough—there is unfortunately no denying it; but in this moving panorama of the life from day to day under Gregory XVI. one finds no reason for wishing the "good old times" back again. Perhaps in balancing the ills we suffer against those we have left behind, our gains may seem problematical; but just the same we would no more return to that past than we would exchange our bicycle suit for the disgracious costume of 1830. It has been said, too, that the more opulent proportions of the man of to-day cannot be squeezed into the armor of his mediæval ancestor.

It is not for me to distribute crowns of immortality, but I doubt if many will take up these volumes without being brought, finally, if not at first, to the persuasion of the editor—who evidently cherishes the cultus of his poet—that Belli is one of the chosen few who merit a niche in the temple of fame quite apart from the vulgar crowd of "great men." Before his death he was the founder of a school, among whose names are two at least, those of Ferretti and Fucini, only less than that of the master. They worked on his lines, and certain of their sonnets might by the foreigner easily be mistaken for his; but, as says Signor Morandi, "The work of Belli is an ocean, while those of his disciples are rivers, when they are not mere torrents or brooks." The conviction of Morandi has not always been shared by all critics, and in his admirable preface he valiantly attacks and puts to rout De Amicis, who offered to maintain that Fucini was an original poet, and was not indebted to Belli or to any one else for his

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standing in the world of letters. The fight is not ours, nor is the award of victory; it is enough for us to have found a poet whom we can heartily admire, and who opens for us the spectacle of, or, better, the intimate acquaintance with, an obsolete régime.

S. K.

HALLAYS'S BEAUMARCHAIS.

PARIS, May 6, 1897.

Beaumarchais was the subject of a very important work of M. de Loménie, who had at his disposition many original documents on the famous author of the "Barber of Seville" and the "Marriage of Figaro." When the work of M. de Loménie appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Carlyle wrote to mile Montégut: "After all, Beaumarchais was a fine and valiant sort of a man, and, in his way, a brilliant specimen of the French genius." Since the publication of 'Beaumarchais et son Temps,' documents have been found in the Austrian Archives, by M. Bettelheim, who has used them and composed a somewhat heavy and very severe biography of Beaumarchais. We have now before us another 'Beaumarchais,' by M. André Hallays, which has just been published, and which is well worth reading. M. Hallays finds M. de Loménie too indulgent, M. Bettelheim too severe, and seeks the rare merit of perfect impartiality. He gives, on the whole, a portrait of Beaumarchais which is very much alive, and analyzes with no little care the extraordinary complexities of Beaumarchais's character.

Pierre-Augustin Caron was born in Paris on the 24th of January, 1732. His father was a watchmaker in the Rue Saint-Denis, a Protestant by birth, who had turned Catholic. Pierre-Augustin had nine brothers and sisters. He received the technical education proper to fit him to become his father's successor, and became very expert in his art. But he was ambitious, and married for her money a widow who was ten years older than himself. She died, he quarrelled with her family about her inheritance, and from that time called himself Beaumarchais, the name of an estate which no geographer has yet discovered. He had appeared first at Versailles as a watchmaker, he reappeared there as a musician; he played on the harp, and owed to this talent his admission into the intimate circle of the daughters of Louis XV. Little did these severe ladies suspect that they were receiving the most profligate man, and one of the artisans, of a great future social revolution. Paris-Duverney had insinuated himself into the confidence of Mme. de Pompadour "in all that concerned war," says Mme. du Hausset; and Duverney, the great financier of the time, had made the acquaintance of Beaumarchais. He employed him in his financial enterprises. Beaumarchais made money rapidly, and immediately bought for himself a brevet of Secretary of the King. He was now a nobleman, and, when afterwards his nobility was put in question by his enemies, he said that he could show the receipt. Paris-Duverney sent him to Spain on a secret mission, and there we see Beaumarchais developing himself into the character of a living *Figaro*. His Spanish adventures are well known, and one of them furnished Goethe the subject of the drama of "Clavigo."

Beaumarchais was a little of everything: an adventurer, a man of pleasure, a diplomat, a business man, a jobber; he was also a littérateur. His love of popularity marked him for the stage. His first essay was "Eugène," represented in 1767, a drama—a child, he says, of his sensibility—which had but a limited success. His second drama, "Les Deux Amis, ou le Négociant de Lyon," was also mediocre, and had no success. Paris-Duverney died in 1770. He had settled all his accounts with Beaumarchais, but his heir, the Count de la Blache, who detested Beaumarchais, began a law-suit against him; and this case led to the publication of the famous Memoirs, which were read by all France, and which became the most dangerous weapon of public opinion against the Parlement Maupeou. In this dramatic struggle of a man of letters against the Parlement which a royal *coup d'état* had substituted for the old Parlement, Beaumarchais, though he suffered a condemnation and was deprived of his civil rights for an attempt to corrupt a judge, was really triumphant. He ridiculed the new Parlement and its supporters. Voltaire wrote to the Marquis of Florian: "I have read the fourth memoir of Beaumarchais; nothing ever made a greater impression on me."

Beaumarchais appealed against the judgment; he offered at the same time his services to the King, who accepted them, and this was the origin of his numerous and various missions abroad—secret missions, naturally, as Beaumarchais could have no diplomatic character. London was, at the time, a great manufacturer of libels and pamphlets, as Holland had been under Louis XIV. Beaumarchais had to deal first with a French adventurer who was preparing a pamphlet against Mme. du Barry—'Mémoires secrets d'une fille publique.' The edition was burned after having been paid for. Beaumarchais had to hunt up afterwards the author of a pamphlet directed against Marie Antoinette, and entitled 'Avis à la branche espagnole sur ses droits à la couronne de France, à défaut d'héritiers.' The author of the pamphlet received 1,400 pounds sterling for burning his work, but Beaumarchais, hearing that he had taken a copy to Nuremberg, followed him to Germany, had a hand-to-hand fight with him in a forest, got possession of the copy, was attacked by two brigands, wounded, went to Vienna to obtain from Maria Theresa an order for the arrest of the pamphleteer, and had a secret audience with her. This was Beaumarchais's version. Kaunitz was not as imaginative as Beaumarchais; he had him arrested and kept him thirty days in prison; he even went so far as to deny the existence of the pamphleteer whom Beaumarchais was supposed to be tracking in Germany, and to suppose that Beaumarchais was himself the author of the pamphlet which his mission was to destroy. The French Government, however, thought it best to shield Beaumarchais, who in consequence was set free.

No sooner was he in Paris than he put on the stage "The Barber of Seville." It had been composed in 1772, as a comic opera, then transformed into a comedy. The first representation was not a success, but a few changes were made, and the second representation was successful. Beaumarchais continued at the same time his part in the secret diplomacy. He had to deal this time with the famous Chevalier d'Éon, formerly in the secret diplomatic service of Louis XV. D'Éon had kept all the correspondence of the Count de Broglie relative to a plan for invading England devised after the peace of 1763; D'Éon asked a high price for this correspondence; Beaumarchais entered into a transaction with him which imposed on d'Éon the obligation not to quarrel any more with the French Ambassador, M. de Guerchy, and to wear women's clothes. Why did Beaumarchais and the French Government insist on this clause? It is one of the riddles of the history of the 18th century.

Beaumarchais's mind began to work, while he was in England, on the affairs of America; he followed the debates in Parliament, and understood the import of the situation. "All sensible people," he wrote to the King, "are convinced that the English colonies are lost to the mother country, and this is also my opinion." He wrote memoir after memoir on the question. Finally, as France and England were not at war, he was merely allowed to found a company under the name of Rodrique Hortalez & Co., which entered into relations with Silas Deane. He received a million from M. de Vergennes and a million from the Spanish Government, which was then in accord with France. On the 13th of March, 1778, France notified England of her recognition of the independence of the United States. The operations of Beaumarchais thus became easier; the *Fier Rodrigue*, which had been detained in port at Bordeaux and had escaped, became a regular warship, and took part in a battle between the squadron of Admiral d'Estaing and some English ships. After the defeat of Comte de Grasse, Beaumarchais, full of enthusiasm for the cause of what he called the Bostonians, opened a national subscription for replacing the lost ships. M. Hallays does not give many details on the money transactions which took place between Beaumarchais, Silas Deane, Barclay, Arthur Lee, Hamilton. These were of a complicated character, and the first settlement took place only in 1835, when the family of Beaumarchais received a sum of 800,000 francs.

While he was working for the independence of the United States, Beaumarchais was conducting a hundred other affairs. Among them, we find him engaged in a campaign in favor of dramatic authors against the actors. The result was, after a long struggle, a more equitable division of profits between the authors and the actors. He makes himself, at the same epoch, the editor of Voltaire's complete works; he buys his manuscripts, procures type in England, and establishes a printing-office in the old citadel of Kehl. It was impossible to edit the works of Voltaire in France, where they were interdicted. The Kehl edition, in seventy volumes, has remained to this day the edition preferred by the bibliophiles, but I must add that this preference is in great part due to the illustrations, which are the work of Moreau le Jeune. The minister Maurepas favored this publication, because Beaumarchais told him that the great Catherine of Russia proposed to get out an edition of the complete works of Voltaire, and that it would be a shame to leave this honor to foreigners. After the death of Maurepas, Beaumarchais encountered many difficulties in his enterprise, and as a speculation the affair was not a success; 15,000 copies had been printed, and only 2,000 were sold.

Beaumarchais was living in a sort of whirlwind; his head was as full of business

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as a terrier of rabbits. But the great event was the representation of the "Folle Journée" (Marriage of Figaro). The piece had been accepted at the Comédie Française in 1781; it was publicly played only in 1784; for three years Beaumarchais had to fight against the censorship. The manuscript had been taken to Versailles and read before Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette. The King merely said: "This is detestable; it shall never be played." Beaumarchais was not discouraged by this veto; he knew how much forbidden fruit is desired, and he worked incessantly upon public opinion. The words of *Figaro* were repeated; fragments were read here and there; the comedy was played in private houses. The King gave in at the solicitation of many people, and the first representation of the "Folle Journée" took place on the 27th of April, 1784. From early morning the theatre was besieged. Bachaumont writes that "the *cordons bleus* were mixed up in the crowd and elbowed by the *Savoyards;* the guard was dispersed, the iron grilles were broken by the pressure of the crowd." Great ladies took their meals in the actresses' boxes so as to be the first to enter the theatre. The success was extraordinary. Beaumarchais was in a box, between two priests.

The Archbishop of Paris thought it necessary to condemn the new piece in his mandement for Lent. The pamphleteers attacked it on all sides; Beaumarchais wrote in answer his "Preface to the Marriage," one of the most brilliant pages of his writings. He was imprudent enough, in a letter to the *Journal de Paris*, to write, "After having struggled successfully with lions and tigers to have my comedy played, do you think that I will, like a Dutch servant, hunt every morning the vile insect of the night?" The vile insect was a certain Suard; but who were the lions and tigers? The Count de Provence charitably explained to Louis XVI. that Beaumarchais alluded to the King and to the Queen. "Without leaving the table where he was playing, the King wrote with a pencil, on a seven-of-spades, an order to arrest Beaumarchais, and to send him to Saint-Lazare, the prison where depraved young people were taken at that time." M. Hallays is justly surprised at this harsh decision coming from a king who was naturally very weak, and had, perhaps, been stupefied by being compared to a lion.

Correspondence.

PROTECTION FOR AMERICAN COLLEGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What with the tariffs on books and apparatus and chemicals and the like, we college professors thought we had grievances enough, but we find that we have another and a more serious one. The attention of my colleagues has been called to it, and we are up in arms. This is how it happened: Going into the city a few days ago on a suburban train, I was hidden pretty completely behind a big morning paper and my wife's sleeves, when my attention was caught by the frequent mention of "professors" and "university" in an earnest conversation between a couple of my neighbors. *Nolens volens*, I had to hear it, and I give it below as nearly as I am able to reproduce it. The part here given was preceded by a good deal about "Mugwumps," and "unpractical," "unbusinesslike," "high-minded," "theoretical" affairs connected with "tariff" and "professors" and "universities." The one who did most of the talking said:

"I'm pretty well acquainted with a good many of them. And I like them; in the main they are high-minded men, but in some things they are simply babies—no, idiots, that's it, downright idiots—and ought to be looked after. Just take Prof. ——; why, there isn't a more scholarly or a more unselfish man in the community. He's a good Republican, too, and stands up for a businesslike tariff, and can cite authorities all the way back to Aristotle, and history back to Abraham, to show that high tariff is necessary to prosperity. But now look! He teaches and preaches protection for everybody and for everybody's business except for himself and his own business.

"What do I mean? Why, just this: there isn't a steamer leaving New York that doesn't take students abroad for an education, nor one coming in that doesn't bring them back by the dozen with their A.M.'s and their Ph.D.'s, from every university in Europe. And of course every young man who goes to Europe for an education is robbing the teaching force of this country and putting American money into the pockets of European teachers. Now, if our professors were alive to their own interests and to the interests of their colleges, they would insist upon and get a law placing a prohibitory tariff on foreign educations. You needn't laugh; educating is as much a business as is shoe-making! Suppose, for instance, that a young man coming into this country after taking his Ph.D. at a foreign university had to pay a tax of ten thousand dollars, and that a graduate of a gymnasium had to pay five thousand. We all know what the result would be: these fine young gentlemen would get their educations in this country, and the money they now spend at Oxford, Paris, Heidelberg, Göttingen, Munich, and all the rest of them would be spent in American universities and kept at home, and this would also make it possible to employ more teachers and to pay better salaries.

"Some of these professors say that many European institutions offer better advantages, and that it is better for the students to go there if they can afford it. Now, sir, sentiment is one thing and business is another; and this is a matter of business. We manufacturers look after our own interests, and our consumers may be expected to look after theirs.

"The country as a whole is protected against whatever we ask to be protected against: foreign books, foreign paper, foreign instruments, foreign chemicals, foreign everything! Why, you can't even import a foreign professor. And right in the face of all this, those who have the money can send over there and bring back all these things done up in one small package—the young Ph.D.—and get him in free of duty at that. I tell you, sir, it's an outrage! And if these professors of ours had a few practical, common-sense, every-day Republicans among them instead of so many cantankerous Mugwumps, this sort of thing wouldn't last long. If there is anything plain in the whole field of political experience, this is one of the plain cases. But this idea of protecting themselves never seems to have occurred to any of the colleges, and least of all to the little ones that are hard up for teachers, and hard up for students, and hard up even for a reason for existence." J. C. Branner.

Stanford University,
California, May 11, 1897.

EDUCATION AND SOLDIERING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It has come to be a matter of common belief that the efficiency of an army depends almost wholly upon the intelligence of its personnel. Several recent articles in foreign periodicals were evidently written to enforce anew this doctrine. It is remarkable that so little attention is given to the other side; or, at least, to another phase of the subject. One of the lessons of history is that other qualifications besides mere intelligence are necessary to make soldiers that win victories. These are alertness of mind, resourcefulness, psychical powers that enable the private to determine in any circumstances that may arise what he ought to do and how to do it. To these are to be added, as perhaps most important of all, confidence in his leaders and faith in the cause for which he is to fight. Both the presence and the absence of these last qualifications were strikingly exhibited in the wars that were carried on during the era of the French Revolution. It will hardly be asserted that in book learning, or in the mere ability to read and write, the French were superior to their opponents, especially the Germans. But they had almost unlimited confidence in their leaders and a profound faith in their cause. The Germans of 1813-15 were probably not appreciably more intelligent than those of 1800-10, but a new spirit had been infused into their soldiers that transformed them from lukewarm combatants into heroes.

No armies of modern times have been more uniformly successful than those of Russia; in none is the average intelligence of the common soldier lower. The desperate courage of the Turks at Plevna, to cite only a single instance, ought to make it plain that if you expect men to be brave, something more is needed than to impart to them the information that is found in books. The melancholy political experiences of the contemporaries of Socrates might have served as a lesson to all subsequent times that it is as vain to put your trust in intelligence alone as it is to put it in princes. Recent events seem to demonstrate that the Greeks of our day, in spite of the general diffusion of knowledge among them, are as prone to commit acts of political folly as were their predecessors of twenty-three hundred years ago, and that in point of personal bravery the crassly ignorant Turk will not suffer by comparison with the far better educated Greek. Chas. W. Super.

Athens, O., May, 1897.

JEFFERSON AND MARSHALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not the least interesting incident of the trial of Aaron Burr was the issuing by Chief Justice Marshall of a subpœna commanding the attendance of Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States—an order which Jefferson entirely disregarded, for reasons stated in his letters to the Uni-

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ted States District Attorney, George Hay, of June 18 and June 20, 1807, both of which are easily accessible. His refusal produced a motion from Burr's counsel that Jefferson was guilty of contempt of court. Later Jefferson wrote a letter, "public, and for the court, covering substantially all they ought to desire" of his evidence, dated September 7, 1807. The ending of the Burr trial by the failure of the grand jury to indict, seems to have ended also the endeavor to prove the President in contempt. But how grave the situation was considered by Jefferson, and how easily the smothered antagonism between the two departments of our government might have become open warfare, is proved by the following draft of a letter of Jefferson, never before printed. It is undated, but presumably was first intended to accompany the President's above-mentioned public letter, but was suppressed, and that of September 7, 1807, sent in its stead.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

"The enclosed letter is written in a spirit of conciliation & with the desire to avoid conflicts of Authority between the high branches of the govmt, which would discredit it equally at home & abroad. That Burr & his counsel should wish to [(struck out) "divert the public attention from him to this battle of giants was to be "] convert his Trial into a contest between the judiciary & Exve authorities was to be expected, but that the Ch. Justice should lend himself to it, and take the first step to bring it on, was not expected. Nor can it be now believed that his prudence or good sense will permit him to press it. But should he contrary to expectation, proceed to issue any process which should involve any act of force to be committed on the persons of the Exve or heads of depnts, I must desire you to give me instant notice, & by express if you find that can be quicker done than by post: and that moreover you will advise the Marshall on his conduct, as he will be critically placed between us. His safest way will be to take no part in the exercise of any act of force ordered in this case. The powers given to the Exve by the constn are sufficient to protect the other branches from Judiciary usurpation of pre-eminence, & every individual also from judiciary vengeance, and the marshall may be assured of it's effective exercise to cover him. I hope, however, that the discretion of the C. J. will suffer this question to lie over for the present, and at the ensuing session of the legislature he may have means provided for giving to individuals the benefit of the testimony of the Exve functionaries in proper cases, without breaking up the government. Will not the associate judge assume to divide his court and procure a truce at least in so critical a conjuncture."

AN ILLUSTRATION OF DIALECT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Joseph Wright, the editor of the *English Dialect Dictionary*, now being published, having recently issued a circular asking for information about the non-standard senses, current in the provinces, of the word *by*, I have looked them up for East Suffolk, where they have turned out to be very numerous. Such of them as I have actually heard are exemplified below, preceded by what may serve—in some cases, only roughly—as definitions.

BY, *prep.*

I. Of time.

Beyond, past. "You have gone *by* your time," *i. e.*, "You are late."

Of duration: in the space of, during. "I shan't get through the job *by* this year." "He stayed there *by* a whole month."

Of a fixed point. "Be here *by* your time," *i. e.*, "in time," "at the time named for you."

II. Relation, place, etc.

Against, to the detriment of. "I don't mind what the man said *by* me." "I have done nothing *by* him to make him so angry."

At. "You stopped too long *by* your dinner."

Beside. "Don't call him *by* his name," *i. e.*, "by a wrong name," "by a name other than his own."

Beyond, the farther side of. "I saw the dog *by* the barn." "He lives *by* the mill."

Dementation. "She's so mad-angry she's quite *by* herself."

Exceeding. "He's a bad fellow *by* the common," *i. e.*, "bad out of the common."

Except. "There's nobody at home *by* me." "The tramp had nothing on *by* a shirt and trousers."

Prevention. "He was put *by* his dinner," *i. e.*, "he was not allowed to have his dinner."

Upon. "I must have something more than bread to work all day *by*."

Resemblance. "He has a face *by* a monkey."

Difference. "The boy is so blind he doesn't know day *by* night." "His talk doesn't differ *by* an Essex man's." "Your watch is different *by* mine," *i. e.*, "it keeps different time."

Comparison. "My head is big *by* yours." "Your dress is tidy *by* mine."

To judge from. "There's a bird in that bush, *by* the cat," *i. e.*, "one may gather from the behaviour of the cat." "*By* the way my old bones ache, and *by* the creaking of the door, there will be rain before long."

Relating to, concerning, about. "We must do something *by* the hodmandods in the ivy." "Tom hasn't been here to-day that I know *by*." "Your allotment would do better *by* you, if you took more pains with it." "You've scratched me; but I don't care *by* it." "I don't mind what the man said *by* me." This last phrase, now heard only from old people, is obsolescent. For its ordinary sense, see above, under "Against."

BY, *adv.*

Past and gone, over. "The shower is almost *by*."

On one side, aside. "Hang *by* your coat there." "Stand *by*, there!"

With "down," "out," "up." "The sheep are down, out, up, *by* yonder."

BY, *conj.*

By the time that. "The shed will be built *by* the week is out."

BY, *sb.*

Chance. "I happened with him on the *by*," tautological for "I met him accidentally."

To persons who have heard English spoken only in America, but few of the foregoing expressions will seem other than very strange. By such as are conversant with our literature of oldish date, some of them will, however, be recognized as classical archaisms; and no one who remembers the Bible—see, for instance, *Acts*, vii., 42; I. *Cor.*, iv., 4; and *Exodus*, xxii., 26—will be unfamiliar with the like of "He stayed there *by* a whole month," "I don't mind what the man said *by* me," and "The shed will be built *by* the week is out." Still, the phrases here collected will reveal, to the generality who read this letter, that dialect, in England, especially as regards the hinges of language, indeclinables, is an exceedingly different thing from what it is in the United States. Thousands of English ruralisms are known to have survived through a long course of centuries; a good number of them were, doubtless, brought across the ocean by British immigrants; and there must be, among the correspondents of the *Nation*, those who can ascertain how many of such as are constituted by uncustomary uses of *by* have lived on, in the more secluded regions of our country, down to the present time.

F. H.

MARLESFORD, ENGLAND, April 13, 1897.

FRENCH UNIVERSITY COURSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A committee of action, composed of members of the "Comité Franco-Américain" and of the "Union Française des Universités d'Amérique," begs me to place before you the following communication:

Students desiring to qualify for the *doctorat universitaire* may enter upon studies leading to this new degree at the beginning of the coming academic year, the second Monday in November. The programmes of the different universities of France will be ready for distribution at an early date. Information relative to schools, courses, matters of economy, etc., may be obtained at any time by addressing me, either in person or by letter.

HENRY BRÉAL.
Secretary of the Committee of Action.

PARIS, 70 Rue d'Assas, May 8, 1897.

Notes.

Macmillan Co. have in press a monograph on the 'Battle of Harlem Heights,' by Prof. H. P. Johnston, whose timeliness consists in the fact that the engagement took place in the immediate vicinity of Grant's tomb and the sites of Columbia University and Barnard College; 'Old Times in Middle Georgia,' by R. Malcolm Johnston; and F. Marion Crawford's new novel, 'A Rose of Yesterday.'

Dodd, Mead & Co. will soon bring out the first volume of four of the 'Expositor's Greek Testament,' embracing the synoptic Gospels (by the Rev. Prof. Alexander B. Bruce) and the Gospel of St. John (by the Rev. Prof. Marcus Dods); and in October, three books of the Polychrome Bible edited by Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University. They have nearly ready 'The Land of the Dollar,' meaning the United States, by G. W. Steevens of the London *Morning Post*.

A. C. Armstrong & Son will extend their "Book-lovers' Library" with 'The Novels of Charles Dickens—A Bibliography and Sketch,' by F. G. Kitton, with a portrait never before published.

A critical edition of 'Maldon and Brunnanburh,' by Prof. C. L. Crowd of Weatherford College, Texas, will be published next month by Ginn & Co.

We read in the current *Library Journal* of a coöperative Index to Portraits now in process of compilation under the editorship of Mr. William C. Lane, librarian of the Boston Athenæum. A preliminary list of books to be indexed is given in connection with the article, and expert collaboration is invited by correspondence with Mr. Lane. There will be no attempt to weigh the value of the several portraits, but, when practicable, the names of artist and engraver will be noted, or the photographic origin. The scheme calls for a four-column page.

The fifth volume of the beautiful "Outward Bound" edition of Rudyard Kipling's writings has for leading title 'The Phantom 'Rickshaw,' but embraces seventeen other short stories, of which four are from 'Many Inventions'; and the elder Kipling supplies three illustrations modelled in relief. Another style of excellence characterizes 'The Lily of the Valley' in the Dent-Macmillan translation of Balzac, which has a trio of etchings for its illustrations.

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A pleasant and welcome addition to the already large and constantly increasing collection of Thackerayana has been made by Mr. Eyre Crowe, A. R. A., in his 'Thackeray's Haunts and Homes,' just published by Messrs. Scribner. The twenty or so sketches contained in the little volume of interiors and exteriors in London, Paris, Boulogne, and Glengariff are charming and dainty as they are accurate, for they have each of them been worked out *in situ*. The letterpress is slight, and naturally subservient to the illustrations, but it is full of gossipy, interesting matter; and it contains some fresh contributions to our knowledge of the great novelist, in the shape of personal anecdotes about him, which, with these sketches, will surely one day be included in the Life of Thackeray which is yet to be written.

What we do know, what we do not know, and what we ought to know about our books, is all very fully and clearly set forth by Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys in 'The Private Library,' a small quarto volume produced with careful observance of all the canons that should govern the manufacture of a properly got-up book. Mr. Humphreys is, we believe, a partner in the ancient and historic publishing and bookselling establishment of Hatchards in Piccadilly, London, and has, we know, had special qualifications for learnedly handling the subjects on which he discourses in this volume. He writes as one having authority and not as the scribes, when he tells us what is a "good edition" and what is a "fine copy"; he discusses book values, and gives instructions on the Care of Books, the Art of Reading, and the Use of Commonplace and Reference Books. He speaks out of much knowledge and experience on the subjects of cataloguing, classification, and bookbinding; he is amusing on the subject of Book Hobbies, and is thoroughly practical concerning the library from the architectural point of view, its decoration, its book-shelves, bookcases, and other appliances. In a word, his book is a storehouse of useful information for the book-lover. It is published in London by Strangeways & Sons.

No collection in English rivals in its way the 'Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine,' by Drs. George M. Gould and Walter L. Pyle (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders). Its scope is wider if less elaborate in detail than the monumental 'Anomalies' of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. At first thought this enormous amount of intelligent research appears wasted energy in the interest of curiosity rather than of science. In fact, however, a very large part is a valuable contribution to medical jurisprudence, furnishing, as the preface suggests, examples by which the expert witness may parallel his case or confirm his opinion. Much of the remainder may be useful to show the practitioner of medicine who encounters an anomaly that there is little really new, however it may exceed his previous experience. And there is a modicum that is purely and simply curious and that may or may not, at some time, be important. There are 900 closely printed large octavo pages, with more than 300 illustrations of various kinds, and a bibliography that supplies the authority for every case. The index is copious and accurate, thus making the mass of matter available for reference. The range is almost unlimited, but it is impracticable to attempt quotation or to discuss even one of the innumerable themes. If we mention the description of the development, under denied sensation, of that charming child who bids fair to excel in physiologic interest even Laura Bridgman, we do so for the sake of remarking the misspelling of her name, "Helen Kellar" (p. 435), instead of Keller. It might not be amiss in a future edition to cite some of the alleged experiments made to determine the natural or spontaneous speech of man, to adduce later evidence upon premeditated maternal impressions than that of the thirtieth chapter of Genesis, to investigate the involuntary discharge of fire-arms through automatic muscular contraction, and to illustrate instantaneous cadaveric rigidity after death by gunshot. But these suggestions may seem like making a full cup overflow.

Mr. Sydney George Fisher's 'Evolution of the Constitution of the United States' (Lippincott), though marred, to some extent, by the same peculiarities of style and treatment which characterize his recent volumes on the history of Pennsylvania, is nevertheless a useful piece of work, and one for which many students will be grateful. Rejecting equally the ideas, still current in some quarters, that the Constitution was either an imitation of the Constitution of Great Britain or, in Mr. Gladstone's famous phrase, "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," Mr. Fisher has set himself to trace its development in detail from the colonial charters, the early plans of union, and the first set of State constitutions. The line of inquiry is, of course, not new; the late Alexander Johnston began it in a notable article in the *New Princeton Review* for September, 1887, and Profs. James H. Robinson and William C. Morey have continued it in the 'Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science' for 1890 and 1891. Mr. Fisher's volume, while of a more popular character, supplements these earlier contributions, besides including in its scope a number of documents now, we believe, used for the first time in this connection. Not the least valuable feature is the printing *in extenso* of many of the illustrative extracts. A final chapter is devoted to demolishing once more Mr. Douglas Campbell and his theories. By a curious misprint, the name of the author of 'Social Evolution' is twice, on page 22 and in the index, given as "Kid."

Perrin & Cie. publish 'Les Nuits, les Ennuis et les Âmes de nos plus notoires Contemporains,' by Ernest La Jeunesse, a volume of criticism of a peculiar character, and especially of a sort of audacious impertinence which must commend itself to the Parisian reader, though it is doubtful if it will be as readily appreciated by the average American lover of French literature. M. La Jeunesse has not an exalted idea of many of the authors who excite, for a time, the passionate admiration of the frivolous and the seeker after novelty in art of all degrees of extravagance and oddity. His judgments are not rendered in dogmatic fashion, *à la* Brunetière, or in so heavy a style as those of Lucien Muhlfeld, whose work is disappointing and wearisome, but in a way calculated to pique curiosity and to rouse interest. On the whole, he says many a true word in jest, and carries conviction where Muhlfeld simply bores. He excels in taking off the peculiarities of authors, as witness his Heredian sonnets, for instance. His book is readable and often instructive.

The same cannot truthfully be said of Lucien Muhlfeld's 'Le Monde où l'on imprime' (Paris: Perrin & Cie.), which is a collection of very sketchy articles devoted chiefly to the laudation of the "Jeunes" and to the reviling of their non-admirers. All the poetasters and would-be mighty prose writers whom the public, cultured and uncultured, refuses to admit to the rank of the immortals, are highly praised by this critic in a style so labored and so dull that no fear need be entertained of his modifying opinion, whether well or ill-founded.

'L'Orme du Mail,' by Anatole France (Paris: Calmann Lévy), is not sent out as a novel, but as a story of the time. For this reason, probably, it has a beginning but no end, at least none that can be readily perceived. There is a rivalry between a couple of priests which occupies a large share of the book, and which is left unsettled, perhaps because the author thought the reader would not feel sufficiently interested in his characters. The cardinal archbishop, Lantaigne the priest, Bergeret the professor, who talks very sensibly on the democratic Republic, the prefect, Worms-Clavelin, are evidently careful studies based on observation of men and manners in a provincial town.

'Le Trésor d'Arlatan,' by Alphonse Daudet (Paris: Charpenter & Fasquelle; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer), is a sketch of that southern district of France, the Camargue, so dear to the author's heart. The story is slight enough, but Daudet's qualities are still evident in this little volume, which has been richly illustrated by Laurent-Desrousseaux.

The Brooklyn Elevated Railway forms the subject of an interesting paper, by O. F. Nichols, in the latest volume of the Proceedings of the London Institution of Civil Engineers. In the same volume is an important memoir on "The Bacterial Purification of Water," by Dr. Frankland, who treats the subject from an engineer's standpoint, and claims that English engineers had made advances in this direction "long before the study of bacteriology had commenced." He admits, however, that the exact scientific tests introduced within recent years enable them to proceed with confidence, and to secure great uniformity in methods and results. There are also papers on the "Tower Bridge, its Superstructure and Machinery," illustrated by carefully executed plates, and an entertaining "Note on the Chinese Wheelbarrow."

Petermann's Mitteilungen for March opens with a geographical and statistical account, by Prof. H. Schuchardt, of the people of the Southwestern Caucasus who speak the Kartvelian languages. These he divides, according to the accompanying map, somewhat differently from other writers, into the Swanians, Mingrelians, Lazes, and Georgians, these last being further subdivided into Western with two, and Eastern with six, additional dialects. This is followed by a description of an exploration for natural-history purposes, by officials of the Museum in Pará, of the little known coast region between the Amazon and French Guiana. The number for April, besides a continuation of the first-mentioned article, contains an account of the people inhabiting the southern, or German, shore of the Victoria Nyanza, with a map. The recently published volumes, 17, 18, and 19, giving the history, the botanical, zoölogical,

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and geological results of the Danish expedition to East Greenland in 1891-92, are noticed at great length, and there is an interesting list of the geographical lectures to be delivered at the German universities during the present summer term.

The Geographical Society of Philadelphia publishes a view of the arctic regions, edited by Prof. Angelo Heilprin, mainly to show the recent explorations of Peary, Nansen, and F. Jackson. But besides the drift of the *Fram* and Nansen's desperate itinerary after he left the vessel, and details of the discoveries and progress of the two other explorers, we have the achievements of the older pathfinders mapped, and such solid coast outlines as our present knowledge permits. The toil that went towards furnishing the materials for this map will never be fully appreciated till the coming air-ship solves with ease the problem of the poles.

The Johns Hopkins University has been the means of bringing to America this spring not only an eminent representative of French letters, but also one of the leading scientific men of England, Sir Archibald Geikie. The lectures of both were given upon memorial foundations, Geikie's being provided for by the widow of the late Prof. George Huntington Williams, in commemoration of her husband, who died in 1894. Sir Archibald Geikie's lectures upon "The Founders of Geology" attracted to Baltimore a considerable body of prominent geologists from various parts of the country, and were devoted largely to clearing up the relation of early geological work to the subsequent development of the science—a subject which has received inadequate attention hitherto. The lectures will be published in book form. At the conclusion of the course, the geologists who had been in attendance, to the number of sixty, made an excursion occupying four days, to examine the geological formations of Maryland.

In conferring, recently, upon Fräulein Gabriele von Possanner the first doctor's degree ever given by the University of Vienna to a woman, the rector congratulated the candidate in highly complimentary terms, greeting her as a "mighty protagonist for woman's rights," who, "by her great energy and intelligence, has victoriously overcome the manifold obstacles in her way." Moreover, he showed himself to be thoroughly in sympathy with the higher education of women when he said: "Since empresses and queens have won immortal fame in history as wise and energetic rulers, why should women be deemed incapable of displaying a beneficent activity in the higher professions? . . . It is to be hoped that the near future will not only, as at present, do homage to woman, but also be just to her." The lady, who took the degree of M.D., expressed her thanks to the faculty in Latin.

The celebration of the third centenary of the death of Tasso has fruited in the foundation of a Tasso library and museum in S. Onofrio, Rome, under Government auspices. It has for its nucleus the collections made during many years by Tasso's biographer, Prof. Angelo Solerti, to which the Government has added duplicates from its public libraries. The library was dedicated on April 25, the anniversary of Tasso's death, and will be open to students on Tuesdays and Fridays "dalle 12 alle 15," as we read in the *Bollettino* of the National Central Library of Florence for April 30. The same number announces that the Government has nearly overcome the obstacles to obtaining the Leopardi MSS., now in possession of the heirs of Antonio Ranieri, but bequeathed by him, with a mask of the poet, to the National Library of Naples. As next year will be the centenary of Leopardi's birth, the Government has been urged by Senators Mariotti and Carducci to publish these manuscripts, and it seems likely that the work will be undertaken. Perhaps a Leopardi library and museum may result.

—Literally and metaphorically "in the air" is the coming flying-machine, which will put a new face on human affairs, and cause a more profound readjustment of international relations than any discovery of the present century. The science of the earth, too, will advance with a bound that will make Stanley in his equatorial forest or Nansen in his *Fram* an anachronism in any but a moral sense. The art of war will be revolutionized, the premium on peace enormously increased. Dingley and the smuggler will contend for all dutiable property that can take to itself wings and pass *over* instead of through the custom-house. A new species of piracy may be added to that by land and sea. The nineteenth century may not see the realization of all this, but it has witnessed the laying of the foundations by two Americans—by Mr. Maxim, whose demonstration has been of one kind, and by Prof. S. P. Langley, whose demonstration has been of another, and is now first popularly set forth in *McClure's Magazine* for June. Prof. Langley has, after years of labor, constructed a machine which he calls an aërodrome, pending its abbreviation in common parlance to "drome," and which a year ago, on the Potomac, proved its capacity to lift itself and its steam-making machinery, fly steadily upwards and onwards for more than half a mile in a minute and a half, and then gently settle into the water without shock. Prof. Langley tells the story of his achievement modestly, citing for his principal eyewitness Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, in a communication to the Institute of France. The inventor gives the public to understand that larger machines on the same or a similar model, and carrying human occupants, are now within the range of possibility, and only await the money and the man.

—Mountain-lovers and mountain-climbers will alike be interested in the plans of the proposed Jungfrau Railway, for which the Federal Government of Switzerland has lately granted a concession, and an account of which appears in a recent number of the *Athenæum*. According to the prospectus, just issued, the extreme height to be attained by the road is 13,430 feet, from which point the summit, 230 feet beyond, will be reached by a spiral staircase and an elevator. Nearly the entire course of the line will be above the snow level. Starting from the summit terminus of the Wengern Alp Railway, there will be seven stations, in the form of excavated but partly open galleries. The maximum gradient will be one to four, and electricity will be the motive power, the Lütschinen torrents being harnessed for that service. The total length of the line will be about twelve kilometres, and the estimated cost £400,000. On the basis of 40 francs for a return ticket, the promoters hope to carry to the summit 10,000 passengers yearly; and they seem to have been able to satisfy the Government, as they were required to do, that no danger to health is likely to result "from the sudden transport of numbers of promiscuous persons to a high altitude." A grant of £4,000 for an observatory, with an annual allowance of £240 towards its support, are also promised, but the practical scientific value of the station, as the writer in the *Athenæum* points out, will depend largely upon the possibility of keeping the railway open throughout the year. The undertaking has the endorsement of the Swiss Alpine Club, who certify, through a committee, not only that the rarity of the air will do no harm to tourists, but also that "on returning from those ice-bound peaks we always feel as fresh and more fit for work than when we started."

—A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* for April on the woman movement in France makes it out to be not so much a struggle for political privileges as an effort to create an atmosphere favorable to the intellectual development of the sex. There are very definite grievances from which French women suffer, and for which they claim redress, but they have aimed rather at promoting a feeling of the injustice of the situation of women before the law, which will, they hope, in time lead of itself to changes in legal conditions. Meanwhile, their attitude is one of protest against the conception of the French woman which the French novelist seems bent upon perpetuating—the woman who is "compounded variously of sensuality and jealousy, vain, fickle, frivolous, with a fatal gift for intrigue," whose chief virtue is her taste in dress. An important and prominent part in the *mouvement féministe* is played by the women of the Slav races. For the last fifty years, Paris has been the Mecca of many Russians, Poles, Bulgarians—some Nihilists, some political refugees, but others inspired solely by an eager longing for opportunities for study. These women students form a numerous colony in Paris, and many of them become permanent residents of the city. Mme. Marya Chéliga, for example, has lived so long in Paris that she might well pass for a Frenchwoman. As a journalist and novelist in both her own and her adopted language, she has been an efficient writer in the cause of her sex, but it was not until last year, when her play, "L'Ornière," was acted at the Théâtre Libre, that she attained a notable success. This painful and outspoken drama is simply a plea for greater morality in marriage. Curiously enough, the very last letter on matters of public interest written by the late Alexandre Dumas *fils* was addressed to Mme. Chéliga, and reiterated once again his belief in the social and political equality of the sexes. We cannot here enumerate all the potent influences at work which are quite certain to produce a marked transformation in the status of women in France in the immediate future. But, as often happens when great social changes are ripe for realization, there are two seemingly insignificant causes which may quite possibly prove even more effective in hastening that event than considerations of a more serious kind; these are the fashionable Anglomania and the passion for the *bicyclette*.

—"We cannot expect for Thackeray," wrote Mr. Lang some years ago, "we cannot even desire for him, a popularity like that of Dickens. . . . Thackeray wrote, like

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the mass of authors, for the literary class—for all who have the sense of style, the delight in the best language. . . . He cannot reach so many ears and hearts as Dickens. . . . *Mais c'est mon homme.*" Utterances like these have caused Mr. Lang to be regarded as a heretic by the genuine Dickensites, of Mr. Saintsbury's type, still extant. It was useless for him to protest a whole-hearted admiration for the "native naked genius" of Dickens, or that he would not willingly sit through dinner with a lady who "could not read" the 'Pickwick Papers.' We and the Dickensites are of opinion still that when Mr. Lang and the lady meet they smile upon one another like a couple of augurs. However, Mr. Lang now turns up as editor of the new "Gadshill Edition" of Dickens, of which 'The Pickwick Papers' and 'Oliver Twist' have already appeared (Scribners). Mr. Lang has an unusually wide range of sympathies—unhappily wide for one who should aim at achieving something more permanent than the triumphs of the journalist. He is, like Mr. Mallock's hero, in the stage when his friends still say of him that he might do anything if he chose; meanwhile he cheerfully persists in offering them footnotes to go on with. It is some comfort that the time saved from neglecting his masterpiece has not been devoted to the annotation of Dickens; Mr. Lang can go on editing the remaining twenty-nine volumes without abating his interest in golf, ghosts, the Jacobites, and the retail literary business.

—The Introduction, of eight pages, to the 'Pickwick Papers,' which is pleasantly written, is, in part, a repetition of Dickens's preface. We note a slight discrepancy—Mr. Lang's statement on p. vi. as to the date of Seymour's death does not agree with that of Dickens on p. xv. It is characteristically freakish in Mr. Lang to make even a passing comparison of Mr. Pickwick and the late Master of Balliol (p. vii). But, on turning to the notes, most of us will feel that the single drawback to an otherwise perfect edition is the "spoor of Andrew Lang." A humorous commentary on Pickwick is an impertinence, a serious commentary is a bore. We hardly know whether we like Mr. Lang's taste less when he "jokes wi' deeficulty" about the Fat Boy apropos of epigraphy, or when he gives us a dull historical note on the Marquis of Granby. Mr. Lang reminds one of Miss Repplier's commentator who "runs with an ambulance when you have cut your finger, but on a genuine battlefield leaves you to die." You desire, for example, a closer acquaintance with the word "Fanteegs," and are told that "any explanation or etymology of this obscure word must be conjectural"; but, if we are to have parallel passages at all—*e. g.*, on "Tip Cat," Mr. Lang informs us that Bunyan played the game—Mr. Lang might here have compared Mark Twain's precisely similar use of the word "Fantogs." Not that we want this sort of thing. How much rather than Mr. Lang's notes would we have had a reprint of Calverley's examination-paper bound with our Pickwick to test our knowledge of the work, with the question, "Who little thinks that in which pocket, of what garment, in where, he has left what, entreating him to return to whom, with how many what, and all how big?" We defy both Mr. Lang and the ingenious scholars who have lately traced the first Wellerism in literature to pass Calverley's examination. There is little room for comment on the editing of 'Oliver Twist,' for which Mr. Lang, with an air of doing his job, has written only three notes, that need spoil nobody's pleasure in that not very pleasing work. The illustrations are one of the best features of the Gadshill Edition, being wonderfully clear reproductions of the original drawings of Seymour, Hablot K. Browne, and Cruikshank, which are inseparably associated in our minds with the characters of Dickens. On p. 479 of vol. ii. of the 'Pickwick Papers' insert "chapter xxxiv." before the word "Tip-Cheese."

—Mr. Thwaites makes the important announcement, in his preface to volume vi. of the 'Jesuit Relations,' that Mr. V. H. Paltsits of the Lenox Library has undertaken to revise the bibliographical notes of the series, beginning with the volume in question. Evidently no trouble is being spared to strengthen an already competent staff. Le Jeune has this volume, as he had the last, to himself, and continues to hold his reader's attention without diminution of interest. His minute description of the Montagnais in the Relation of 1634 is a standard ethnological authority. He had just passed the winter with them in their wanderings among the Laurentian hills and cedar swamps, had watched them with the careful eye of the man who keeps a diary, and was in a position to tell the truth about them. The student of evidence will observe a curious contrast between this bona-fide account of the Indians and the questionable story of the Huguenot, Jules Michel, which Le Jeune retails, doubtless with sincerity, for purposes of edification. "Ce miserable ayant vomy contre Dieu et contre notre sainct Pere Ignace mille blasphemes," and having threatened that he would slap one of the Jesuit fathers before the next evening, was suddenly, before the time expired, deprived of all consciousness and died like a beast. Le Jeune had the facts from a man "tres-digne de foy" (recalling the *vir quidam probus* of Scheuchzer's dragon narratives), and, while modestly declining to claim it for a miracle, hints clearly enough that it is one. The moral is, "qu'il ne fait pas bon blasphemer contre Dieu ny contre les saincts, ny se bander contre son Roy trahissant sa patrie." Five years after the fall of La Rochelle, religious animosities flamed bright in the puny settlements of New France. Quite the most striking of Le Jeune's personal sketches is that of the Montagnais sorcerer. It will be remembered that Parkman devotes a chapter of twenty pages to an abridgment of this 1634 Relation.

RECENT NOVELS.

Black Diamonds. By Maurus Jokai. Translated by Frances A. Gerard. Harper & Bros.

March Hares. By Harold Frederic. D. Appleton & Co.

The Promised Land. From the Danish of Henrik Pontoppidan. Translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Old Infant, and Similar Stories: By Will Carleton. Harper & Bros.

Out of the Woods: A Romance of Camp Life. By George P. Fisher, jr. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale). Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

The Intriguers. By John D. Barry. D. Appleton & Co.

In the First Person. By Maria Louise Pool. Harper & Bros.

A Rebellious Heroine. By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Bros.

One of the Visconti. By Eva Wilder Brodhead. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Bound in Shallows. By Eva Wilder Brodhead. Harper & Bros.

The Rogue's March. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons.

If answer is to be granted to the Dean of Rochester's cry, at the recent Church Congress in England, for deliverance from the "impossible novel," what a clearing out of the modern bookshelf will take place! And if there is to be an order in the going, we feel confident that the Dean will connive at the earliest departure of the impossible novel which comes from the Continent, where, to all its other disabilities, is added the length that should be a penal offence. As to the actual impossibility of 'Black Diamonds,' the mere reviewer makes no rash statement; for that, the services would be needed of an expert in mining, in chemistry, in stock-jobbing, in political intrigue, in the use of sword and foil, as well as in all the social possibilities of Hungary and Austria. Else how shall it be decided whether it was possible or only improbable that Ivan Behrend should manage with perfect mastery his coal mine and his miners; should, in his brief visits to the great world, ride, shoot, and fence better than the best; should discover a fluid with which he extinguishes fire in his mines, should see his stock-jobbing enemies laid low, should scorn a haughty lady and love a mine-worker? As to the possibility of the heroine, she, for her part, had been engaged to a man-eater, and had run away from him to live in Vienna a life of gilded luxury and dove-like innocence, as the wife in name of one man, the recipient of pleasures and palaces from others, but still a spotless soul, returning to her mines and her mine-owner in the end. If these be too probable, then there are weird scenes in vaults among the tombs, of revelries supposed to be ghostly, but discovered to be an inflamed case of high life below stairs. Furthermore, schemes political, ecclesiastical, and dramatic multiply the pages in swelling numbers. There is interest of an intermittent sort in the book, and power in the pictures of the miner's life with its horrid dangers; but only an overwhelming interest could excuse the being of such an involved and unlikely story. The translation, which is good, must be conscientiously the translator's own, since she has taken pains in a foot-note to say, in exception, that "these lines have been kindly translated from the original by Miss Troutbeek":

> "Say, when I smoothed thy hair,
> Showed I not tender care?
> Say, when I dressed my child,
> Was I not fond and mild?"

Mr. Harold Frederic stirred the public not long ago with his tragical comedy of Theron Ware. Now he offers a new sensation in 'March Hares,' a sentimental farce. Perhaps what is most surprising in his works is their variety. Thus far no one of his books in the least resembles another, except in neatness of execution and marked ab-

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sence of the subjective note. It is a far cry from his early Mohawk Valley stories of small-town society to the intimate air of London. In all there is self-restraint in style and a bright-eyed inquisitiveness into detail which no small point escapes. This alertness exists, too, in relation to his themes. They have not been chosen so much as hunted out. A lynx and a ferret have gone into partnership to find them. With a bad style they would excite derision. With Mr. Frederic's manner of writing they claim attention and a share of admiration. In the present story each person is an original. True, the long-winded Kentuckian and his snappish daughter creak a little in their movement, and the leading lady is bewildering in her contrasts. She knows her British Museum and her man so well and her manners and customs so ill. With the hero and his friend, the canny Scotch laird, the moments fly merrily. They show the author's humor at its height and in a new vein. To be distinctive, unfortunately, is not always to be distinguished, and the lack of the distinguished is the rock ahead for Mr. Frederic. In his early war stories and his village scenes this fault did not appear. It is to be hoped that, as the fibre of his weaving lengthens it will not also coarsen.

In the formerly translated 'Emanuel, or Children of the Soil,' the Danish writer Pontoppidan gave a glimpse of the awakening of the Danish peasantry in what was known as the People's Movement to secure religious and political privileges. Of this movement the high school was a marked feature. Its peasant pupils went out into their narrow world again with high hopes that their class would become a power in the land. Emanuel the aristocrat married one of these peasant graduates, and they stood at the end of the novel with their faces set towards the regeneration of society. In 'The Promised Land' the outcome of the experiment is shown. For seven years all has gone well. Emanuel has preached and ploughed and is known as "The Modern Apostle." But blood will tell, and Emanuel's aristocratic pulses are not proof against the strains of Chopin's funeral march suddenly sounding from the dizzy maze of Copenhagen. The peasant wife feels the change in him, and plans a sacrifice which shall, as she thinks, solve the difficulty. Evidently the author does not consider intermarriage of the classes a remedy for peasant benightedness, unless, indeed, a third volume is in store showing the fruits of Hansine's self-denial. The civilization of the society we meet is none too civilized, and the peasant scenes are as crude and ugly as they are dull. Yet a watcher of the Danish skies may find in these novels of the period a planet swimming into his ken worthy of attention.

When Mr. Stockton, at the conclusion of Capt. Horn's adventures, left him and his shipmates in possession of hundreds of millions in gold coin, of course we all wondered how they would spend it. 'Mrs. Cliff's Yacht' tells how part of it went, and describes that good lady's struggles to cope with the rising tide of her income, of which the hourly inflow was ever present to her New England conscience and her New England thrift as a vision of unearned and undeserved increment. Mr. Stockton's naïvely demure treatment of detail is as taking as ever. But it is a mode of writing which, highly effective when it is used to describe incidents in themselves humorous, comes dangerously near inanity when invention flags. So far are we from sympathizing with the reader who said that castaways never would have kept themselves afloat with brooms as Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine did, that, on the contrary, it is to our thinking, such supreme moments which best justify the manner of Mr. Stockton. But when he is describing a morning call or a village dressmaker's parlors, a feeling of desolate flatness sets in which surprises more than his most surprising climaxes. In this volume there is enough to have made a capital story even had he kindly eliminated all that is dull. In a future edition we should hope to see a deal of the village life omitted. The Buskirks, for instance, are superfluous, and the tea-drinkings and dinners add nothing to the pleasure we take in Mrs. Cliff's difficulties. With the embarking of her yacht our spirits revive, and again we read by a light that never was on any land or sea but Stockton's. A hundred and sixty millions of dollars in pure gold are left at the bottom of the ocean, but this trifling loss does not impoverish our friends, and affords a hope that the treasure will be fished out by some capable New England woman in a future volume.

Of the porcelain-like refinement of the author's thought and style there is no abatement. Nothing could bring home this trait more effectively than contrast with writing less aerial. For its crystal clarity one feels a reflex gratitude on turning, for example, to the 'Stories of Will Carleton,' by whose ingenious contrivance one refuses to be comforted for a certain murkiness of form and substance; too often the one is self-conscious, the other tawdry. Yet there is humor in many of the situations, with a touch or so of genuine pathos, and, as hinted before, a vein of invention which comes near to originality.

The greenwood tree has so potent and sane a charm that any book written under it will be prone to make criticism turn its merry note unto the sweet bird's throat. 'Out of the Woods' is a story which cannot be lifted out of the commonplace even by strikes in the iron mines and lost identity turning up with a miniature; yet its Michigan woods, its hunting, fishing, and canoeing, give it a piney scent which may well commend it to lovers of the lovable.

Mr. Stimson's story of old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay is of the school of Hope on, Weyman ever; full of adventure, mystery, soldiering, cracked pates, and preterfaithful hearts. The most wonderful heroes survive the most wonderful risks, and live for years worshipping the memory of thrice-seen dames, with more or less reward in the end. Mr. Stimson has taken infinite pains in the elaboration of his historic framework, and there is much to interest the American in the story of the colonies as seen by two gentlemen prisoners sent by Cromwell's orders to the New World. A Devonshire youth tells the tale, while the real hero is the brave and merry Miles Courtenay. His delightful "Irishry," as his friend puts it, keeps one recurring to the dedication, wherein we read that the book had been often planned by the author with John Boyle O'Reilly, and now has been executed alone. The early laws of Virginia and Massachusetts have been ransacked, with many curious results. Strange chronicles of the seamy side of colonial life, of the Indian wars, and of the beginnings of the Connecticut Valley towns are ably and graphically worked into the narrative. The love part of the story is rather overstrained, but, by keeping the fair lady an occult mystery for most of the book, the difficult questions arising from her difficult personality are partially begged. The language, fast becoming a dialect, is that which nowadays does duty for the mediæval. Half the sentences are ushered in by "and"; there are thick sprinklings of such words as "quotha" and "soothlier"; and an immoderate use of "marvellous" as an adverb. But it has been a hard task to keep a wild Irishman strictly antique in his language, and it is not surprising to find him "muchly tickled," and addressing his friend as "my blooming cordwainer."

"La! Polly! Miss danced with a lord!" says Evelina's cousin. What would she have said to the light and airy treatment of the British aristocracy by Mr. Barry? With what motiveless persistency the gentry pursue an unoffending Oswego girl! How gently they welcome her into their smiling jaws! Yet she is apparently a very little fish. No mention is made of her having unwieldy wealth, and her mother is objectionable. Herself is a central New York Minerva, with a taste for painting which sends her to London to see "in the National Gallery the Turners, whose praises she had read in Ruskin," hoping also to visit "the Tower, the British Museum, and other places in London that her reading had made her familiar with." Like Brünnhilde, our heroine, under her martial exterior, hides a susceptible heart, and the best device of the book is the uncertainty, up to the last, as to which of the suitors she will favor. Though there is little power and less criticism of life in this novel, it will, perhaps, yield a half hour's amusement to the collector of international fiction.

Miss Pool's country figures are always good and fit well into their rural surroundings; but those who go forth to become opera-singers, practising their scales *al fresco*, and those who have basilisk eyes and wear large diamonds on their fingers, and he who whisks aside the Trovatore during the performance of the opera and sings *Manrico* himself for love of *Leonora*—these and their like move awkwardly in sylvan scenery and among their plain New England fellows. There is a tension in following the story, as in so many of Miss Pool's books, which does temporary duty for interest; but there is no reality in the plot, the characters, or the situations, excepting in exclusively bucolic moments, where, as usual, this writer excels. The residuum of comment is that 'In the First Person' is not stale, indeed, being not a thing of life, nor yet entirely flat, but on the whole unprofitable.

Mr. Bangs's little skit will gratify those young women who object to the average novel heroine as reflecting on their entire sex by their mercenary, frivolous, commonplace, or otherwise foolish behavior. This heroine rebelled, and simply would not be written down an idiot, and led the author of her existence a weary life with her caprices. To those who like the book we commend it. For ourselves, we confess to finding in it less entertainment than in some of Mr. Bangs's other writings—his recent letter on the United States Senate, for instance.

In Eva Wilder Brodhead's 'One of the Visconti' is little or nothing of the rare

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quality of humor which lighted the pages of her former book, 'An Earthly Paragon.' Having accepted this disappointment, we are free to find a graceful account of the New York-Genoa-Naples voyage, with a pretty story thrown in. In 'Bound in Shallows' the same author returns to Kentucky; this time to the beautiful streamlet-threaded country of the Cumberland foot-hills, and sets her story among timber lands and lumber mills. A story of no very great power is told with considerable force, carrying conviction of a penetrating and observant mind. The reintroduction of her capital Kentucky peasantry is a thing to be grateful for; her style, too, grows happily lighter, clearer, and fewer-footed. We must deplore the excess of landscape, which we could wish to see treated more as landscape treats us. In spite of redundancies and defects, however, Mrs. Brodhead is, to our thinking, one of the best of our American latter-day story-tellers.

Mr. Hornung's stories of Australia began some years ago with a tale called 'The Unbidden Guest,' which, though trivial, carried an air of reality as well as a promise. That promise was fulfilled and that reality maintained in the slight but compact and ingenious 'Irralie's Bushranger.' And now comes 'The Rogue's March,' a more important book, which puts the author among the novelists to be considered. It is in part a portrayal of life in Australia in the hideous thirties. The descriptions of the horrors to which the convicts were subjected are paralleled only by the worst scenes in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and, like those, make one question whether the victor or victim class suffered most in the brutalizing process. Happily, as in the case of America, one may think of the extreme Australian miseries as having yielded to the advance of order and humanity. "A Romance" Mr. Hornung names his book, for interwoven with the facts he has gleaned from Parliamentary papers and the Blue Book of '37 is the interesting story of an innocent man's trial and transportation for murder. Glimpses of the English courts and prisons of that earlier day are such as to give pessimism pause, and force it to confess that the world does move on and up. All in all, this is a book of absorbing if painful interest; its literary and structural merit above the common.

RECENT LAW BOOKS.

The fourteenth edition of Kent's 'Commentaries on American Law' is edited in four volumes by John M. Gould, Ph.D. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). The first volume of the first edition appeared in 1826. and the work holds the same position today that it at once established for itself on its first appearance. No very careful editing was undertaken after the author's death until Judge Holmes's twelfth edition, the notes in which have obtained such a repute that the present editor has wisely incorporated them in his edition. He has cited nine thousand new cases; and in the book as it stands, some thirty-three thousand decisions in all are referred to. He says in his preface that

> "The aim of the present editor has been to present fully the growth of doctrine in recent years upon all the topics discussed in this work; to supply new illustrations of the principles derived from the very latest decisions; to define the extension or limits of these principles resulting from such decisions, and especially to fortify the work in parts not recently much developed, especially in those relating to the Law of Nations, equity, judgments, taxation, master and servant, aliens, the domestic relations, patents, copyrights, and trade-marks."

His work really covers a period of twenty-three years, and is marked by much industry and research.

To make an edition of Kent which should equal the original treatise, we should need another Kent, equipped for his work, not only by a quarter of a century of judicial experience, but by gifts of the most unusual sort. To speak of him as a legal "classic" is true enough, but what he is most remarkable for is the extraordinary weight attaching to his opinion. The law as laid down in Kent is the law to-day, as it was fifty years since. His grasp of the great fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, as developed in American life and society, was so sure that later judges have done little more than apply his exposition of them in novel situations; and his good sense in avoiding speculation and hypothesis saved him from the pitfall of legal writers who forget that where speculation begins, actual law ends. He was a great writer, too, because he was a great judge. His views of law were based not merely on learning—though his learning was very great—but on the application of the teachings of experience to the analysis of the practical questions of right and duty presented by the tangled web of human affairs. The consequence is, that although our jurisprudence recognizes only the precedent of a decided case as binding, the deliberate opinion of Chancellor Kent on an unsettled point of law ranks with a decision of a court of last resort.

The nature of Mr. Gould's work is described in his preface. He has presented the growth of the law in recent years,while he has given very little discussion in his notes, and made them what we should call industriously indexed collections of cases. That is, the value of the edition lies not in its presentation of the considerations which have determined the growth of doctrine, but in the industry with which the editor has summarized a mass of leading cases in a small compass. The labor devoted to it has evidently been very great. The weakness and strength of such an edition can be adequately tested only by use. We mention one or two points which have struck us. The notes on the Law of Nations are very full, but the view given of the development of international law in the last twenty-five years is not as clear as it might be. This is partly due to the fact that the editor has not a very clear view himself. It is very confusing, for instance, to find a well-known case on immoral contracts (Oscanyan vs. Arms Co.) brought into the Law of Nations at the end of a note on Ambassadors (vol. i., p. 60). At page 99 a theory of the Monroe Doctrine is advanced which derives it from the right of "self-defence and self-protection," and the implication of the note is that the doctrine, "although not yet recognized and defined in the Law of Nations," might be, if we would only treat it as analogous to the three-mile zone and *mare clausum* principle. The Monroe Doctrine may undoubtedly be derived from the principle of self-defence or from the attraction of gravity or the doctrine of natural selection; so might the Balance of Power; but the suggestion does not elucidate or add to the value of Kent. At p. 119, in the midst of a very good summary of the modern rules against inhumanity in war, the statement is made that the bombardment of forts is regarded as "justifiable only when it is impossible to secure a surrender by other means." This is news to us. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty is said to be "strictly no longer binding" (p. 201). This is a matter in dispute, and no clear account of the dispute is given. The case of the *Virginius* does not seem to be mentioned.

Elsewhere we notice the same peculiarities. Under the head of Literary Property (vol. ii., p. 608) the Schuyler statue case is referred to, and the note must have been prepared some time ago, as the reversal on appeal is not mentioned, and the note is therefore wrong. The case had nothing to do with literary property, but concerned the right of privacy. Stage-right, a modern growth, is very inadequately described, and the international copyright act is summarized without its important protective clause being referred to. Under Eminent Domain, very little notice has been taken of the great development of law in recent years, especially the New York Elevated Railroad cases. In vol. i., p. 588, there is a long and valuable note on the Commerce Clause, but the more generally important question of police power is very summarily treated (vol. ii., p. 534). In vol. ii., at p. 209, the recent leading cases on wife's "necessaries" are given, but to get any clear idea of the subject they would need very careful reëxamination. The edition is uneven in excellence and execution.

One of the latest additions to the admirable "Students' Series" of Little, Brown & Co. is a volume on the 'Elements of the Law of Contracts,' by Prof. E. A. Harriman of the Northwestern University Law School. As regards legal theory, the book has, among others, the following distinctive features. The author insists that contractual obligations in English law "may be due to the act of one party or of two," *i. e.*, may be what he calls either unifactoral or bifactoral; he has undertaken to separate the facts essential to the formation of a contract from those which merely affect the validity of contracts when formed; he has treated all voidable contracts under the head of Rescission; and he has given an account of the nature and results of what he calls the "judicial legislation," by which, in many States, a stranger to a contract is permitted to sue on it. Like several other treatises of the school to which it belongs, Mr. Harriman's is marked by the excellences and the vices so often incident to the so-called historic method. It is difficult to expound positive law and to analyze it historically at one and the same time. When the author says that the "existence of unifactoral obligations in the common law cannot be denied," he announces an historical discovery certainly important if true, but a division of contracts into bifactoral and unifactoral is not recognized, so far as we are aware, by any court of last resort. So when he declares (p. 4) that the decision in the Dartmouth College case that a charter is a contract, was not true "at common law," he apparently overrules the Supreme Court, because the point underlying the judgment, and expressly ascertained by the judges, was that a charter was a contract

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at common law. Again, when we are told, p. 30, that "volition, not consent, is the foundation of contract in our law," apparently because a lunatic can be held as surety on a promissory note, we are disappointed, on looking at the case referred to, to find that the judges most cautiously stated the rule, but took great pains to avoid giving any reason for it. On the other hand, as a specimen of very neat analysis, we may refer to Prof. Harriman's discussion (pp. 70-74) of the decisions as to the performance of a contract once broken.

'Studies in the Civil Law' is the title of an interesting volume in the same series, by Hon. W. W. Howe, formerly a Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court. The book consists of a series of "Storrs Lectures," delivered at Yale in 1894. Louisiana is the only State in the Union which is not a common-law State. From the last civil code of Louisiana the same system of jurisprudence may be traced in an unbroken line through the Code Napoléon to the Corpus Juris of the sixth century, and at last to the Twelve Tables themselves—a record of longevity before which the common law, with its eight centuries, seems almost young. That a civil-law community should have been incorporated successfully in the federal system of the United States is no doubt due in great part to the fact that all ordinary matters affecting property, contract, life, liberty, etc., are with us local, and that the questions arising upon them never get beyond the borders of the State. But it is also due, at least in part, to the *rapprochement* between the two systems which has been going on for a long time. The early common-lawyers looked upon the Roman system as an enemy, and so it was then, for it was neither English nor feudal. The lawyer of our day, to whom feudalism is often little more than matter for antiquaries, and English custom not conclusive, looks upon it as what it is—the most venerable system in our world, which proves its perennial usefulness by its adaptability to the necessities of modern life, and whose spirit is that of the order and symmetry originally so lacking and now so eagerly sought for in the common law. It is Judge Howe's object to show, among other things, how on every side the influence of the civil law may be seen at work in ours, and how ideas which we are accustomed to regard as peculiarly English, and even American, are connected with the Roman theory. We have but little space for examples; with some of them—as, that our law of succession is in part Roman, that our institutional division of tort and contract is more Roman than English, that much of our statutory law-reform acknowledges a "direct descent from the compilations of Justinian" (p. 7)—all students are familiar. But as an illustration of the out-of-the-way, unexpected affiliations which are continually revealing themselves, we may call attention to the note on unconstitutional legislation (appendix 4), in which the author, citing Mr. Brinton Coxe's posthumous work on Judicial Power and unconstitutional legislation, gives reasons for thinking that our view of the subject is not wholly modern. By the Roman doctrine of *jus legum*, some laws were treated as fundamental and organic, and hence of higher authority than an ordinary *lex*. Thus, the Lex Cæcilia et Didia was a law prohibiting the proposal of matters not germane, being a provision such as we incorporate in our State constitutions to prevent "omnibus legislation." The Senate declared laws of Marcus Drusus not binding because in violation of this rule. This certainly suggests an interesting line of inquiry. The whole book has every quality which such a book needs, and which, to say the least, most books on Roman law in English have not; it is simple, clear, and intelligible, and we can strongly recommend it to the student, or to any one interested in the subject. The last lecture gives an entertaining account of the curious career of Martin, the great Louisiana Judge.

A second edition of Judge B. R. Curtis's well-known Harvard lectures on the 'Jurisdiction, Practice and Peculiar Jurisprudence of the Courts of the United States,' by H. C. Merwin (Little, Brown & Co.), brings the book up to date (1896). Mr. Merwin's work seems to be well done, and Judge Curtis's book, as edited by him, remains the masterpiece it has now long been. He brought to a subject of great difficulty a mind of extraordinary clearness and soundness, as well as the authority of a great judge. The book is really a model of what such a book should be.

Several additions have been made to the "Horn Book Series" (St. Paul: West Publishing Co.). Walter C. Tiffany has contributed a hand-book of the 'Law of Persons and Domestic Relations,' which contains, besides a treatise (in the form prescribed in this series) on the domestic relations strictly so called, a good deal about infants, persons *non compotes mentis*, aliens, drunken persons, and others. Mr. Tiffany's originality lies in his power of definition and statement. His rules will be found concise and carefully limited, while his text is clear and his citations of authorities numerous and well selected. If the result is not altogether satisfactory to the analytical jurist, the difficulty is rather with the law than with the author. There is no subject in our jurisprudence so difficult and confused as that of the domestic relations. The common law, for instance, still displays a wide diversity of opinion on such an elementary point as the existence of a legal obligation on the part of a father to maintain his child; what can a legal author say except that "these inconsistencies in the decisions show that some of them are wrong," and that if the view that there is such an obligation is not the prevailing view, at least it "ought to be"? Earl P. Hopkins writes on 'Real Property,' in a volume of 652 pages, citing over 8,000 cases. He has made a desperate attempt to get a subject of vast dimensions into one volume packed with authorities, with the necessary result that the "extended commentary, elucidating the principles," is wanting.

Another book in the same series is Mr. W. B. Hale's 'Law of Torts.' Mr. Hale is the author of two Hornbooks, which we have already noticed; the present book "is brought out to supply the demands for a single-volume work on Torts, along the lines laid down in Mr. Jaggard's two-volume treatise published a year ago. It is practically an abridgment of the larger work." As we have reviewed Mr. Jaggard's book, it is hardly necessary to say more, except to call attention to the fact that the discussion of legal rights and wrongs and of damages "differs considerably from Mr. Jaggard's discussion of the same subjects." With regard to the former, the author's motto is far from being "Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint." He says, with great felicity of expression, in concluding his first chapter, "Mr. Pollock has summarized much of the substance of the foregoing discussion in the following remarkable (and elaborate) definition of a tort." Pollock is not by any means the only author who has benevolently smoothed the path for Hornbook commentators by summarizing what they were destined to write.

'The Elements of Commercial Law' is the title of a small book of some three hundred pages by Albert S. Bolles, a well-known authority on the subject (Henry Holt & Co.). It is one of the praiseworthy attempts now being made in various directions by what we may venture to call lay publishers, to popularize the law. We have noticed one or two, such as Mr. Birrell's book on Trustees and Mr. Stimson's on Labor Laws, in these columns. Mr. Bolles's hand-book differs from them in being almost altogether devoid of explanatory matter. He has condensed in the smallest possible compass an enormous body of law, taking in contract, sales, carriers, agency, partnership, negotiable paper, shipping, insurance, and corporations, and stated the leading rules, without going into the reasons for their existence, or referring the reader to any cases. Hence, for lawyers, the book must serve mainly as a sort of chart, or bird's-eye view, of an immense legal territory. For students it may be used as a convenient compendium, and those actually engaged in business who are intelligent enough to desire to rise above the rule-of-thumb by which most business is learned and carried on, may glean from it some idea of the appearance which commercial custom assumes when clothed in the forms of law. They cannot do better than to examine it with this idea in view. It will do much to correct the impression prevalent among them that law is an invention of the Evil One, and to reveal it as in great measure a product of commerce itself.

A treatise on 'Mechanics' Liens,' by Louis Boisot, jr. (West Publishing Co.), deals with what is at once an every-day topic and one of the most difficult subjects in our law. We can well believe the author when he says that his treatise is "the result of a great deal of hard work." He has endeavored to make it "both accurate and exhaustive," and, in order to achieve that end, has "left no part of the labor to others." He has collected and analyzed some fifty-five hundred cases, and has classified the results with great care and unusual discrimination, so that the differing aspects which the subject presents to the courts are all in turn considered. The method of treatment differs from that pursued by Judge Phillips in his well-known treatise, and the practitioner will find that neither volume occupies the field exclusively. Mr. Boisot's power of statement is very considerable, and his clearness unusual.

'International Law: A Simple Statement of its Principles' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the title of a small manual on the subject treated, by Herbert Wolcott Bowen. The author describes it as "to a great degree but an amplification of notes taken on treaties, municipal laws, and the works of publicists, especially Wheaton, Woolsey, and Wharton." This is an accurate description, and we do not know that we can add anything to it except to offer our warmest congratulations to the author on having found some one to publish it.

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'The Jewish Law of Divorce,' by David Werner Amram (Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co.), treats of the law of divorce according to the Bible and Talmud, with some references to its development in post-Talmudic times. The author has reconstructed, with what he calls "fair accuracy," the ancient Jewish bill of divorce, or "get" (p. 157), and his whole account of the subject is interesting and valuable. The ancient right of the husband to divorce his wife at pleasure is the central idea of the entire system, and remained so, theoretically, according to Mr. Amram, from the days of Moses to those of Rabbi Gershom of Mayence, who, in the eleventh century, formally abolished it, though practically it had fallen into decadence in Talmudic times. "A private right of the husband, established by immemorial custom," he calls it (p. 25). This view he supports with a great deal of evidence, which, however, distinctly points to some earlier system in which the wife could have been got rid of by simpler means. There never was any trace of matriarchy among the Jews. The "get" in its earliest days probably represented an advance in family life, and a regulation of the patriarch's right to do what he pleased, and in this way became a species of security and passport for the rejected wife.

'The American Digest' (the successor of the old 'U. S. Digest') for 1896 (West Publishing Co.) contains 6,343 columns, or 3,172 pages, and some 33,000 cases. The more modest 'General Digest' (Rochester, N. Y.: Lawyers' Coöperative Publishing Co.), in its main volume, from September, 1895, to July 1, 1896 (Vol. I., New Series), has only 1,709 pages and a beggarly list of 12,000 cases or so; but then we have quarterly advance sheets to October, 1896, and quarterly advance sheets "No. 1 Extra," which contain many thousand more. We shall not undertake to pass upon the merits of these rival publications, but give the statistics as one more proof of the untiring industry of our courts and reporters. We observe, by the way, that there is to be a 'Century American Digest,' covering a period of a hundred and fifty years, 4,600 volumes of law reports, and 500,000 cases. Rome, in her palmiest days, never made a record like this. It reflects a period of reckless legislation, producing a perpetual crop of needless questions of procedure and construction; and in our opinion it points to a trial judiciary greatly enfeebled by the general introduction of the elective system. The case gets worse every year. There is no cure for it except better courts and better legislation.

Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century. Vol. II. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., and Thomas J. Wise. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1896.

When the first volume of the 'Literary Anecdotes' appeared, about a year ago, we described its contents at length and were able to praise them without stint. We are glad to welcome the second instalment with equal cordiality. Indeed, the only competition which the succeeding parts of the work have to fear is that arising from the excellence of their predecessors. We make this general statement at the outset of the present notice because we are constrained to content ourselves with a few words concerning the most interesting of the pieces now published.

The editors lay very decided stress on the section entitled "The Building of the Idylls." It is mentioned first in the preface, although it occupies less space than the Swinburne bibliography. One is slightly disappointed, after reading this finger-post, to find that the treatment of the theme is purely textual. A rare opportunity is afforded by the heading to interweave with an examination of the poet's changes of word and line some account of his deviations from Malory. The Tennysonian conception of Arthur's character differs so radically from Sir Thomas's that there is room for fine criticism in explaining the nature of the various divergencies. However, we must not complain, for we get a careful bit of work and a thoughtful one too. It will be indispensable to the numerous professors all over the country who are lecturing on Tennyson.

We have drawn "The Building of the Idylls" out of its place in the sequence from deference to the editor's manifest intention that it should be regarded, whatever else is overlooked. Our own inclination would be to dilate upon the item with which the volume opens, viz., "Three Letters concerning Ruskin's Notes on the Construction of Sheep-folds," by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. We take it that these Anecdotes succeed best where they throw light on personal character, and, tried by any such standard, the correspondence in question must take high rank. Ruskin contended that "the cowardice and faithlessness of the Church" alone held it back from issuing sentences of excommunication against notorious evil-livers. He would even proceed against men convicted of "any dishonorable conduct, . . . of any fraud, falsehood, cruelty, or violence." In a letter to Dr. Furnivall, dated March 25, 1851, Maurice, under thirteen enumerated paragraphs, confutes a demand that would "exclude ninety-nine-hundredths of mankind from the privileges of Christ's redemption." The matter did not drop here, for Ruskin made rejoinder, and interchange of views was kept up till it became clear that both were beyond the reach of persuasion. They were equally earnest and convinced, yet not too far eaten up by zeal to fail to be graceful and complimentary. The correspondence ceased with a letter of Maurice which begins thus: "I quite agree with you that we shall do each other little good by carrying on a controversy in which I, at least, have utterly failed in making myself understood, nay, have succeeded to admiration in making myself misunderstood."

Apropos of religious questions, Mrs. Browning is prominent in this volume, as she was in the first. Of the three sections devoted to her, the most important is concerned with her religious opinions. Mr. Robert Barrett Browning furnishes several letters written by his mother, a few years before her marriage, to William Merry, a friend of Miss Mitford. Miss Barrett was an amateurish theologian, but an extremely true-hearted woman. The crux of the discussion was predestination and election, Mr. Merry impugning the Calvinistic interpretation of the 17th article of the English Church. If Miss Barrett throws little new light on a subject which distracted the best theological minds of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, she reveals a sincerity unknown to all of them. How could one not thoroughly sincere adopt the unsystematic position she avows? "The truth is, dear Mr. Merry, that Arminians in general would call me a Calvinist, while Calvinists would call me an Arminian."

Our readers will perhaps gather that the interests of Dr. Robertson Nicoll have led to an undue representation of the religious element. We hasten to assure them that such is not the case. Pure literature, in the persons of Keats, Landor, Charlotte Brontë, Tennyson, George Eliot, Swinburne, and Kipling, carries the day easily. Corresponding to the excellent Browning bibliography of Volume I. is a confessedly incomplete but very valuable bibliography of Swinburne. There is the more need of one in his case since "many of the poems and essays . . . have been printed in short numbers and in pamphlet form. Some of these separate prints are of extraordinary scarcity, and many collectors have never had the opportunity of examining them." We are particularly pleased to see that a department of Ana, before wanting, has been added. One chapter is assigned to Tennysoniana, and another to a general *Nachtrag*.

The editors invite suggestions, and we shall therefore offer one or two. The first volume contained a beautiful frontispiece plate of William Blake; the second lacks portraits altogether. It ought not to be impossible to secure at least one unusual and handsome illustration for each volume. We recommend, also, that a precise statement be made of the source whence each piece comes, accompanied by a notice of any previous publication. We throw out a third hint with more diffidence. The curse of advertisement and puffing is so great that dead authors might be disposed of before men still living are treated. We should shudder even now if we thought a bibliography of Alfred Austin were forthcoming.

Memories of Hawthorne. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1897.

We read in the New Testament of those who neither go in themselves nor suffer them that would. The relatives of Hawthorne furnish an illustration of this method. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has made a book, 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife,' Mr. Lathrop, the son-in-law, another, and now we have these 'Memories of Hawthorne,' by Mrs. Lathrop, for a third, and a good life of Hawthorne is still "moving about in worlds not realized." It would probably have been written before now but for the availableness of the material for a literary family. Mr. Henry James's study in the "English Men of Letters" suffered from Mr. James's regret that Hawthorne never had enjoyed his own wide experience, while Lowell's widening experience prevented him from writing the biography for the "American Men of Letters," which he had promised.

Meanwhile, all the books proceeding from different members of the Hawthorne family contain invaluable matter for the real biographer when he at last arrives. They suffer from the bias of a filial piety which, however beautiful in the privacy of a domestic circle, is misleading in the selection of "all the news that's fit to print" about the dear departed. Mrs. Lathrop assures us that she has tried to weed out whatever "could give no especial pleasure to any descendant," and has found "that there was

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scarcely one such page." But what may give pleasure to the generations yet unborn of Hawthornes and Lathrops may not be relished by the general taste or suited to the public gaze. Here are the love affairs of young Hawthorne and Miss Peabody turned inside out, in a manner that would certainly have been intolerable to Hawthorne if his imagination had anticipated such an event as possible. Here are illimitable ecstasies over the beauties and benignities of the Hawthorne children, pardonable to maternal pride, but for reading purposes a kind of whipped syllabub, which is not nourishing and may be sickening to some. Mrs. Lathrop has withheld nothing of the praises lavished on her own infancy and childhood, and so, of course, approves their publication, but one can easily conceive that Mr. Julian Hawthorne may object to figuring as "the marvellous boy" through several chapters of maternal adoration. What if his friends should take a fancy to call him hereafter "the Great Repose," Emerson having said, "Washington is the Great Repose, and Julian is the Little Repose—hereafter to become also the Great Repose"? Mrs. Hawthorne is much more in evidence than her husband. We see him mainly as reflected in her eyes and heart, and her dominant note is that of gushing sentiment and sensibility. What is sure, however, is that his genius deducted nothing from his character as a most loving husband. If she worshipped him as a god, he honored and helped her as a good average man. The glimpses of him add little or nothing to our previous knowledge of his character or the methods of his work.

It must not be imagined that Mrs. Hawthorne's rhapsodies were wholly peculiar to herself. They were characteristic of the transcendental period. A letter from George William Curtis to the Hawthornes in 1847 is hardly less ecstatic than Mrs. Hawthorne's habitual style; to some extent, perhaps, it was a concession to her taste. It meant no lack of moral fibre in her character. A delicate woman, she did not go to bed for thirty days and nights when her daughter was sick with Roman fever. Mrs. Lathrop's literary methods are inherited entirely from her mother's side. What they are in the body of the book can be surmised from the table of contents, in which appear such items as the following: "Sophia paints vigorously in her happy security of the highest love." "Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne skate upon the river near the Manse with different aspects." "Mr. Alcott is lovingly analyzed by Mrs. Hawthorne." "The Emersons pervade the little town like reigning powers." "Hawthorne is hunted to gorgeous dinners against his better instincts." "Spiritualism introduces its clumsy morbidness to Mrs. Hawthorne in the presence of the Brownings." The text corresponding to the last item is a fresh revelation of Browning's extreme indifference to Mrs. Browning's experiments in Spiritualism.

The Buddhist Praying-Wheel: A Collection of Material bearing upon the Symbolism of the Wheel and Circular Movements in Custom and Religious Ritual. By William Simpson. Macmillan Co. 1896.

Persons interested in symbolism, or who care for studying curious customs and usages, will be attracted by this book. As might be inferred from the title, it contains an extensive amount of wheel-lore aside from the direct subject of the so-called Buddhist "praying-wheel," or, rather, "praising-wheel." The author's journeys in Tibet, in 1860 and 1861, first drew his attention to the praying-barrels and whirligig cylinders of the Lamas. He made numerous sketches of these mills for grinding out boons or benisons, and these sketches are used with numerous other drawings and reproductions to illustrate the book. The Lama wheels and whirligig contrivances may perhaps be due to Buddhistic influence, but the author is unwilling to assert this as a fact. He next proceeds to the "Wheel of the Law," which in Indian Buddhism symbolizes the sovereignty of truth and right that is to encompass the world through Buddha's teaching. But the symbol is really pre-Buddhistic, and is traced back to earlier Brahmanism.

When the author comes to Zoroastrianism, he says he has not been able to secure satisfactory evidence to show that the circle or wheel, as a symbol, belonged to Persia in antiquity as it belongs to India and to Tibet. He might have cited from the sculptured rocks of Behistan with the ancient Persian inscriptions, the ring, wheel, circle, or chaplet which the god Ormazd is represented as holding in his hand or presenting to the great King Darius, as an emblem of royal power and supreme sway. This circle or ring, which recalls Shakspere's "round and top of sovereignty," occurs also in the second chapter of the Avestan 'Vendidad,' or Iranian Genesis. The suggestion just made might at least be offered as tending to prove that the wheel under discussion as a symbol is Persian as well as Indian; and the allusion might be added to the surprisingly large amount of wheel-lore which the volume contains, not only of Aryan nations, but also of Semitic peoples and of remote tribes. The aim of the book is to show the ultimate solar origin of the wheel as a symbol.

The work is a little diffuse, but it contributes much information upon a subject about which we have so little, and it is serviceable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bancroft, W. D. The Phase Rule. Ithaca, N. Y.: "Journal of Physical Chemistry."
Chapman, Abel. Wild Norway; with Chapters on Spitzbergen, Denmark, etc. Edward Arnold. $5.
Eddy, Sarah J. Songs of Happy Life. Providence: Art & Nature Publishing Co.
Finch, Adelaide V. The Finch Primer. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gordon, Julien. His Letters. Cassell. 50c.
Hatfield, Prof. J. T. Materials for German Composition. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 12c.
Jerome, J. K. Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Lavisse, Prof. E., and Rambaud, Prof. A. Histoire Générale, du IVe Siècle à nos Jours. Tome IX. Napoléon. 1800-1815.
Locke, W. J. Derelicts. John Lane. $1.50.

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